

MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS LITERATURE NEWS, ETC.

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No. 31.

Maine Farmer.

My apple tree, thy dome of rose and pearl
Will vanish on the morrow like a dream.
Thou wilt not build for me a lasting home
And they will look up through these into
The leaves.
And hear the hum of bees among thy boughs—
Thou wilt not build for me a lasting home
And they will look up through these into
The leaves.
Thou wilt not build for me a lasting home
And they will look up through these into
The leaves.

White blackberries are among the
delicacies of the nurserymen.

It is claimed that one acre of ensilage
will keep as many cows as two acres in
grass. Which costs the most? Is the
question that affects the farmer.

Feed the skim milk while it is still
sweet, for souring detracts from its value
every time. All changes in the natural
condition toward, or to an acid condition
detracts from its value for food just in
proportion to the change.

Spring calves will do better kept in the
barn through their first summer than
turned to pasture. We have proved
this many times. Dry he seems better
to go with their feed of milk than to
lose the watery grass.

The weather in the corn planting season
has been favorable for the work the
country over. There has been the usual
wide breadth planted to this great American
crop, and in the best of order. This
all comes something towards the bounty
of the crop.

New Hampshire has selected a president
for her agricultural college from the
ranks of the classically educated clergy.
So matter, if the right stuff is in him,
is such case this can only be proved by
trial. There is no time that can well be
lost in experiments.

The New England Farmer says that
delight in juggling them for their
views in relation to agricultural colleges.
The Maine Farmer certainly delights in
outlining the rights of agriculture in all
relations. A paper ought to be jaded
that cannot see any room under the
law for anything other than a general
education at the "agricultural colleges."

Prof. L. H. Bailey: "It is strange that
this required centuries of stumbling
and experiment to teach us the value of
the grass upon which we tread; but it is
always true that the simplest things are
the most difficult to learn, and often after
generations of inquiry. Landscape gardening
is at last attaining a rational foundation,
and it takes its place along with painting
and whatever art impulse broadens the
conceptions of life."

The long standing Michigan Agricultural
College comes in for a share of
attention. A legislative committee
there has been enough agricultural
teaching in that institution of
learning, and notes other things which
it can be changed for the better.
Meanwhile the resignations of professors
are being handed in, and a complete
revolution of the affairs of the institution
is in progress.

An Exeter correspondent of the *Piscataquis Observer* writes thus of the
Wilding apple: There is one variety of
apple which I wish to speak of, that is
present the most popular of any variety
grown in this section. It is the Wilding
apple. It has everything to recommend it;
perfectly hardy, of large size, well
colored and colored fruit, an abundant
bearer, great keeper, and of most excellent
quality. One great advantage which
the Wilding has over many other varieties
which scarcely a scion ever fails to grow,
when properly set. In this respect it
has no equal, to my knowledge.

NEW ENGLAND FAIR.
The New England Agricultural Society
is already making extensive preparations
for its annual exhibition, to
come off at Worcester the week of Sept.
10th. Attractive features, in addition to
the usual exhibition, are being arranged
to meet the favor and furnish interesting
entertainment to the visiting public.
Wednesday will be "Governor's Day,"
when President Needham purposes to
have all the New England Governors
present at the fair. Thursday will be
"Orange Day," when the Massachusetts
State Grange will make things pleasant
to the members of the order who may
attend. Friday will be "Woman's Day,"
and already it is announced that Laura
Tremont Chant, the gifted English
advocate of woman's suffrage will be present,
and with her will be many noted
American women. Altogether, the
fair will not lack for attractions. The
usual prizes for trotting will be offered,
and silver medals for best appointed coach
team, family double team, hack team,
and business team. The New England
Fair has usually been a marked success,
and since located at Worcester, though
the exhibition has been full and the
receipts into its treasury large.

WHAT SHALL WE READ?

This is the busiest of the busy seasons
of the year. There is little time for
reading, and even less inclination to
direct the mind to the careful mental
digestion of what may be gathered up
in the snatches of time always found by
the hardest workers, during the round
of the day and evening, that may be
given to gathering up a measure of reading
of some kind. What shall that reading
be? Some time since we had occasion
to visit a locality in the interest of
an effort to increase the dairy business
among the farmers of the vicinity. Hospitality
was provided at the home of an
active farmer whom we found thoroughly
posted in all matters of national politics,
and who had every important act of the
leading actors of the country at his
tongue's end, ready for use at any time
in the defense of his own views, or to
down those of an opponent, as the case
might call for. But he hardly knew the
first principles of the dairy business he
was carrying on as an important factor
of his farm operations. The growing of
fodder, the feeding of stock, the care of
milk, were problems he was neither
reading up on, or interesting himself in.
But political gossip must be learned to
the letter.

Now, since the country is probably
safe for another four years, and State
politics are shelved for half that time,
we would suggest that the agricultural
papers and farm literature may well be
given the first place in the limited time
available to the hard working farmer.
Here is instruction and food for thought
directly connected with the work in
hand, and on which all success is dependent.
The idea caught hold of the work
to be taken to the field with the work,
there to be considered in their application
to the work then and there going on. They
have an immediate and direct importance.
Such matters as these may well
receive attention, though the season be
ever so crowded with work, or time
ever so limited. Without ignoring other
matters, we claim that with the farmer,
the paper devoted to his calling should
always be given first place, and never need
be entirely neglected. The busy season
is just the time that farmers most of all
should read the farm paper. There is
entertainment, there is instruction in its
pages, while its teachings will contribute
to the success of the work claiming so
large a share of the attention at this
driving season of the year.

AMONG THE TREES.

The best apples, and most of them,
are grown where the trees are given constant
or frequent cultivation. We have
excellent results, and recommend the
practice, from two or three years in
operation of cultivation followed by a like
time in grass. In many respects this
rotation works better than continual cultivation.
The grass sod turned over and
decomposed contributes vegetable matter
to the soil, thus keeping it porous
and light, and in the best condition
possible to receive all manures applied, and
appropriate them to the benefit of the
trees and the production of fruit. No
one need be afraid of injuring trees by
plowing when it is properly done.

Young trees set the past spring should
be heeded as carefully and regularly as
a cabbage plant, and the surface soil
around them should be frequently stirred
to prevent its crusting over. Treatment
of this kind is better than mulch. It is
no use to set out fruit trees and let them
go without attention. Further care and
more liberal fertilization bestowed on the
trees now growing will in most cases
bring more fruit to the owner than the
setting of more trees.

Apple trees are to-day, (June 5th), full
in blossom. This is about the average
date though the season has been called
late, and is so emphatically when measured
by the work accomplished. The blossom
is quite general, certainly
enough for a full crop of fruit. The
Baldwin shows the least promise of any
one kind though other conditions favorable
there is enough blossom on these to
bring forth a good crop.

Spraying is next in order. There is
little chance to doubt that spraying
properly done will reduce the work of the
codling moth. The first application
should be made as soon as the fruit sets
which will be within a few days from the
present time. It is the active, wide-
awake fruit grower, who is up with
the times in all his practices, who grows
the best fruit and gets the most of it.

THE OLEO FIGHT.

Millions are hard to combat with.
Having failed to control legislation the
millionaire oleo manufacturers are now
directing their influence to the courts in
their efforts to break down restrictions
on the sale of their counterfeits. The
Massachusetts color law is now before the
United States Supreme Court and has
again been taken to the State Supreme
Court on eighteen different propositions.
An attack has also been made on the New
Hampshire pink law which will be rail-
roaded through to the United States
Court. Just what it is proposed to do
with the new iron-clad Connecticut law
does not yet appear.

Farmers who used the Improved
Meadow King last season are much
pleased with it.

THE POTATO.

The Rural New-Yorker enthusiastically
maintains that no farm crop grown
promises a surer return for the farmer's
care and skill than the potato crop.
From an observation of the matter
through many years, we are inclined
to endorse the position in full. Yet all
the way along on many farms there are
failures enough with the crop to entirely
reverse such conclusions, in so far as
the experience of those farms is concerned.
Why this wide difference of
almost certainly bountiful crops on the
one hand, and partial failure the rule on
the other? It is the management. There
is no crop produced on the farm that is
more responsive to good treatment than
the potato. It must have this in order
to bring a crop. The varieties now
planted grow quickly, hence must have
their bed thoroughly prepared and
liberally manured with a quick acting
fertilizer. The crop having already
been planted it is too late of course, for
this year, to call attention to the preliminaries.
But the after treatment is
still before us for the present year's
crop. Given a mellow seed bed then
clean culture must follow, or more of
failure than of success will be the harvest.
There is no time for the Beauty
of Hebron or New Queen to fight with
the weeds. It is enough for them to
grow, and they have no time to spare for
other work. They should, then, be given
clean culture and a mellow surface their
entire season. With this practice
through the season, and plenty of rain
while forming the tubers, there is little
question but a liberal harvest will be
forthcoming. Reverse the order and
failure is almost sure. So the crop is
largely in the grower's hands, and it is
for him to say, generally, whether it shall
be a failure or a success. Now is the
time to begin. The way to keep the
fields of potatoes clean is not to let them
get foul. To keep them so they must
be followed up the season through. If
neglect is allowed failure gets in its
work.

"THE LITTLE COW IN RED."

I would be ungrateful if, after the
benefits received from the reading of the
Dairyman for the past few years, I re-
fused to give you the information asked.
The past year have kept but nine cows.
Come fresh in milk in March and April.
From March 1, 1892 to March 1, 1893,
gave milk for 3,358 pounds of butter, or
373 pounds each. Sixty-two half-filkin
tubs, or a little over 3,100 pounds were
sold. Think the horn-fly nuisance
shrunk them fully twenty-five pounds
each, although I used the oil and sul-
phur, and gave extra meal beside. Made
for 1891-92 from cows 365 pounds
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Maine Farmer.

FAIRS TO OCCUR.

Baldwin and Sebago Lake View Association—At East Sebago, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.
 Buxton Agricultural Society—At Buxton, Sept. 5th, 6th and 7th.
 Cumberland County Agricultural Society—At Narragansett Park, Portland, Sept. 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th.
 Cumberland Farmers' Club—August 22d, 23d and 24th.
 Durham Agricultural Society—At Durham, Sept. 26th and 27th.
 East Edgemoor Farmers' Club—At East Edgemoor, Sept. 27th and 28th.
 Gray Park Association—At Gray, Aug. 29th, 30th and 31st.
 Lincoln County Agricultural Society—At Danville, Sept. 26th, 27th and 28th.
 Maine State Agricultural Society—At Lewiston, Sept. 26th, 27th and 28th.
 North Penobscot Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Springville, Sept. 26th and 27th.
 North Cumberland Agricultural Society—At Harrison, Sept. 26th, 27th and 28th.
 Oxford County Agricultural Society—On the grounds between South Paris and Norway, Sept. 12th, 13th and 14th.
 Orono Valley Fair Association—At Cornish, August 29th, 30th and 31st.
 Ramothville Park Association—At Newfield, Sept. 12th, 13th, and 14th.
 South Kennebec Agricultural Society—At South Windsor, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.
 Sagadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Topsham, Oct. 19th, 20th and 21st.
 Scarborough and Cape Elizabeth Farmers' Association—At Scarborough, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.
 Waldo County Agricultural Society—Sept. 26th and 27th.
 Waldo and Penobscot Agricultural Society—At their grounds in Monroe, Sept. 19th, 20th, and 21st.
 York County Agricultural Society—At the Saco Driving Park, Sept. 19th, 20th, 21st.

DEHORNING.

A commission of the Ontario, Canada government, to examine into the question of dehorning report as follows: A number of veterinary surgeons and directors of experiment stations express the opinion that disbudbing or preventing the growth of horn can be performed in calf-hood with much less pain. The commissioners, although not prepared to recommend that the operation be limited by law to the period of calfhood, express the hope that experiments will be made in this line, and that if it should be definitely demonstrated that these methods are accompanied by less pain, and that the results are equally satisfactory, farmers generally will give them preference over dehorning at a more advanced age. The difference of opinion as to the age at which the operation is best performed, is so great that the commissioners do not feel disposed to recommend any limitation in this respect. That the practice of dehorning be permitted when performed with proper appliances and with due regard to the avoidance of unnecessary suffering, and that the Ontario government should bring to the attention of the Dominion government the desirability of amending the law relating to cruelty to animals so as to give effect to this recommendation. That the Ontario government should direct the management of the Ontario experiment farm to experiment with chemicals on the horns of young calves, and also with cutting out the young embryo horn, with a view to ascertaining whether these methods are more desirable than sawing off the horns when they have attained their full growth. It seems to be established by reason and doubt that dehorning, by effecting a change in the disposition of the animal, greatly increases the marketable value, besides enabling the owner to handle his stock with greater ease, economy and safety. In the English market the buyers give about \$5 per head more for dehorned cattle, owing to the belief that they put on less beef. Farmers and butchers also testified that they suffered serious loss by the cattle using their horns on each other.

As an illustration of the capacity of butter to absorb odor, the following is given from the *Chicago Herald*: "Patent cars are now supplied to railroads for almost all kinds of freight. A new car, remarkable for its cleanliness, was recently adopted by the Pennsylvania for the transportation of butter. The first carload, delivered in New England, was refused by the consignee on the ground that the butter was spoiled. The shipper positively asserted that the butter was in a first-class condition when it left Chicago, and the Pennsylvania saw no recourse but to make good the loss. Before paying the shipper, however, numerous samples of the butter were shipped to the Pennsylvania's extensive laboratory for analysis. The chemist promptly reported that the butter had absorbed the odor of the shellac on the new car until it was unfit for use. The Pennsylvania promptly changed the painting on the car and suffered no further loss."

People like to deal with honest men and to know when men are honest. Enough said, now read this: "Two months ago we wrote to Geo. W. P. Jerrard for figures on potato seed. He sent them. We thought the prices a little too high for the quantity we wanted. However, we sent the money with the order. We received the seed all right, and his check for \$64.24. He said he found he had charged us too much by that amount."

W. D. BINGOOD.

Churchland, Va.

The Vermont *Chronicle* says: "The small taxpayers always suffer most in proportion to their means from unfair assessments. They know it. It is a great misfortune in the administration of popular government to have suspicious of unfairness in this respect so prevalent as they certainly are."

Mrs. Mary J. Butler of Blanchard has a sheep that dropped three ewe lambs at one birth recently, two of which were white and one black. Two of the number lived.

Good seed, good, well prepared ground, good cultivation, and care in harvesting, storing and marketing are all necessary to success in farming.

Sarsaparilla belongs to the smilax family of plants, and is found very generally over the American continent, but the variety that is richest in medicinal properties is the Honduras root, of which the famous Ayer's Sarsaparilla is made.

The gentle action and good effect on the system really make them a perfect little pill. They please those who use them. Carter's Little Liver Pills may well be termed "Perfection."

Communications.

A GLIMPSE OF MY TRIP TO THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

BY MRS. HORACE NORTH.

[Read at a meeting of the Current Events Club of Augusta.]

In the spring of 1884, March 1st, our party of thirty-five, who had been passing the winter together at Monterey, Cal., decided to extend the trip to Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. Accordingly, we began to make preparations, and secure state-rooms, in which we were very fortunate—all to go on the favorite and large steamship *Alameda*, 3000 tons, length 300 feet, illuminated with the incandescent electric lights, equal to 3000 candles.

We sailed from port, San Francisco, March 15th, 3 P. M., sharp. In exactly seven days from date of departure, we entered the harbor of Honolulu, an average run of 300 miles per day, distance 2100 miles; an unusually calm and very enjoyable voyage.

For two days on board ship we were reminded of the land we had left. A nipping air blew over us, and the sea was a measureless waste of cold suds and blueing. Then a gradual change. Wraps were laid aside, for the balmy breezes of the Pacific Ocean were most delightful. "In the tropics at last!" was the exclamation of all. The sea began to have such a flat and oily appearance, yet so blue and transparent that large fish could be seen at least four fathoms deep. Flat headed gonies—a sea bird—would follow the ship after edibles, fly awhile, then drop back upon the sea and appear to skate for six or eight feet. A number of mornings, we found flying fish on the deck, killed by striking some part of the ship.

Our first sight of land, early in the morning of the seventh day, March 22d, was Diamond Head. I remember making a sketch from my state-room window. It was a welcome sight—a volcanic looking shore, and not beautiful; but such a transformation as we sailed around the island towards the harbor! Twenty-five miles outside of the coral reefs, we were obliged to anchor, to wait for the pilot, and pass the ordeal with the Custom House officers and physician, which occupied about two hours. This entrance through the channel of the coral reef ought never to be taken without a pilot. It is a narrow passage, and the only one into this harbor. The reef is 550 ft. in width, by three-fourths of a mile in length. There are 22 ft. of water on this bar at mid-tide, rising and falling 13 inches twice a day. After two hours we crossed the bar. The sail from there to the wharf is novel. The sea is literally covered with coconuts; but curly headed ones, called dime divers, the natives, who come out to the ship in every conceivable way. We, of course, were full of excitement and interest to watch how very successful they were every time to bring up in their mouths, between their teeth, the pieces of silver thrown over. Not a few, but many; sometimes 50 all around the ship, diving completely under, and coming up on the opposite side.

At noon we landed. Every passenger is obliged to pay two dollars as a fee, toward the support of the Queen's Hospital, for the benefit of foreigners, as well as Hawaiians.

The mixed crowd from every nation, and the aboriginal language, prove that you now are in a new land; while substantial houses and stores, built of the coral stone, assure you that one is not alone. The streets are of Macadamized coral, black lava, stone and sand, in the city and vicinity, well graded and smooth.

Honolulu had then a population of about 15,000 inhabitants. Of this number less than 3000 were foreigners. The city was then under the control of King Kalakaua. There are the Cabinet, Judiciary, and principal government officers. The members of the Cabinet and officers have their offices in the new Parliament House, opposite the palace grounds. These representatives extend to strangers the cordial greeting of home, the right hand of fellowship, timely aid, when needed, and the protection of the American flag.

Other public institutions are the Queen's Hospital, named after Queen Emma, Insane Asylum, Reformatory School, Oahu jail. Criminals sentenced there are from any and all parts of the group. Numbers vary from 80 to 100. They are employed in squads to labor on the roads or other government services. In that strict and severe discipline, it is perfectly safe to leave doors open, as theft, or any unlawfulness, is of so rare occurrence. The Old Men and Women's Home, was founded by Princess Lili-Like. The fish market is the greatest characteristic novelty of Honolulu, supplying fresh fish from every part of the coast. The variety and color of these tropical fish are marvelous, brilliant and beautiful—blue, yellow, red, and pink. Among them are the shrimp, sea urchin, mullet, bonito and dolphin. The sea weed the natives value as a relish with their poi, a principal diet, made from the taro plant. It is cultivated in large quantities, grown in very moist soil, and resembles the calla lily. The bulbs are first boiled to remove the skin, then pounded and pressed, till it is made into a sort of pulp, when fermented, reminds one of a very thick yeast. It is prepared into three qualities, thick, medium and thin, or one, two and three, finger poi; it is eaten by dipping either one, two, or three fingers into the bucket filled with this poi, and carrying them to the mouth. The members of the families sit on the floor or ground around this bucket, and with raw fish and sea weed, enjoy a good meal. One never hears of dyspepsia, this food is so nutritious and easily digested.

Three of our party were invited, through friends, to dine with a native family. This *menu* was served, with small Kanakas waving large palms over them. It seems they ate of this unusual food, as they had previously been informed the hostess would be very sensitive if they refused.

The Hawaiian House is a large and finely located hotel. One now fully realizes being in the land of flowers.

There is no word that can half express it—flowers everywhere. The grounds are brilliant with shrubs, tropical palms, vines and trees, of which I will mention a few. Ponciana, regia, honeysuckle, alomanda, golden-shower, hibiscus, banana, mango, papaya, bread fruit, royal palms, pineapple, date, tamarind, and ferns, of these there are over 200 varieties. Average temperature while there, 75° to 79°. Everything can be raised. Strawberries, cantelopes and oranges were plentiful at that season of the year. One needs always to carry an umbrella, either for sun or rain, as the showers come so quickly over the mountains. Oh, how very refreshing! and the fragrance of the flowers fills the air with perfume. The soil being of a sandy and porous nature, the water is absorbed readily. We often made the remark, that they were not nearly as wet rains as home in the East.

The afternoon of our arrival the Germans were to celebrate Emperor William's birthday in their gardens. Our party received invitations to be present. We improved the opportunity, knowing we should see the natives, and perhaps King Kalakaua, in which we were very fortunate, as His Highness came about 5 P. M., and had his lunch served in a private room. Ice cream, cake and coffee were passed us. All enjoyed most the fine music by the Royal Hawaiian Band, composed of Kanakas, perhaps thirty. As they are natural musicians, their leader, a German, is obliged to teach them by their hearing the music first, not by note.

Ours being the first large pleasure party that had visited the islands, we were entertained most royally. Wednesday evening, March 26th, a serenade by this same band was given us on the grounds of the hotel. A moonlight night, and among so many tropical plants, it was hard to realize where one was.

Saturday afternoon at 4 P. M. business closes, as a holiday is entered into all over the city. Then fun begins, and forms a striking feature of Hawaiian life. To ride seems the one grand idea. Men, women and children mount the horses alike, drive at reckless pace, and have hair breadth escapes. The gay Mother Hubbard style, with the most brilliant colored streamers attached, and flying many yards, behind. The men wear, or a great many of them, the white linen suit, and rose leis around their hats. The women wear the rose leis around their necks and waists. One could count 100 or more in a short time going around the city.

The next day, Sunday, March 27th, we visited many churches. First, the Native Congregationalist, and Sabbath-school. The service is in the Kanaka language, an easy flowing and musical one. A few words are these: Aloha, welcome, a happy greeting. Kania, a boy. Wahine, a girl. Keiki, the little one. Hawai, to make eat. Luani, old age. The little children would sing away in their parlance with perfect ease. Then the Episcopalians, Roman Catholic, Christian Chinese, and others. The Young Men's Christian Association building is an exceedingly fine one, built of brick and furnished with everything inviting and attractive.

Monday, March 28th, we engaged our carriages for the drive to Waikiki. This once was the residence of the ancient kings of Oahu, as well as of King Kamehameha the Great, and has also been the summer residence of more recent kings. At one time there was one of the largest cocoanut groves, numbering 10,000. Our driver said that for a small fee given to one of the native boys, he would climb up one of the tallest trees and get us some creamy coconuts, which we immediately responded to. A little fellow about nine years old, barefooted, walked up a tree, 40 feet high, without any branches, till he reached the top, and brought us down a limb with nine good coconuts.

Writing of King Kamehameha the Great, I will mention the feather cloak in which he was buried, at his request. A very extravagant wish, as it ought to have been handed down to descendants of the royal family. It was made of feathers from the Oahu birds, and only two from each bird were used, and those were plucked one from under each wing; very light lemon in color; it took more than a million of these birds for the cloak. One of our ladies was fortunate to secure two, for one dollar each. Another cloak was made, yet they were many years finishing it. That one I saw. Our drive home from Waikiki we passed the Oahu College. On a wall 200 feet long was a night-blooming cereus, filling the air with fragrance, as it opened every morning.

March 28th we arranged our drive to the Pali, or precipice, six miles from Honolulu, through Nuuanu Valley. We had engaged a carriage with four horses, as it is a mountainous drive. After crossing the Nuuanu stream, on the right is the royal mausoleum, a gothic structure of stone, which contains the remains of the Hawaiian kings and many of the high chiefs. On each side of this tomb is a noble royal palm tree. We pass Chinese tea houses, nice fields, and the summer palace of the late Dowager Queen Emma. Now we ascend the mountain, the last part being over a cobble-stone road; then on a plateau we leave the carriage and finish by walking; sometimes it is impassable, as the way is through a deep ravine in the rocks, and the wind blows with such force an iron rail is placed for safety. We now look over the precipice 1200 feet, where Kamehameha, the conqueror, drove the forces of the King of Oahu, from which they leaped in despair, fighting for their wives and homes and their native land. From this point could be seen vast sugar plantations, and the ocean along the coast in its beautiful shades of blue and green.

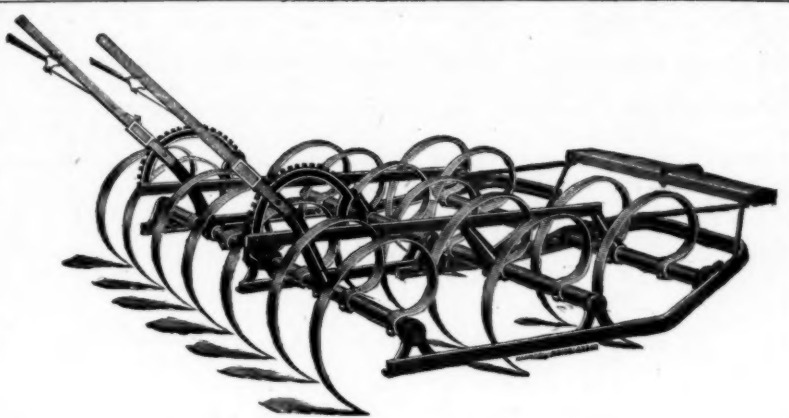
The next day we visited the museum, and there saw many curiosities pertaining to the islands—idols they had worshipped in ancient times, implements of war, musical instruments in the form of gourds, which were, and are now, beaten to call in the performers for the Hula-hula dance, immensely popular to-day, as well as of ancient times and origin.



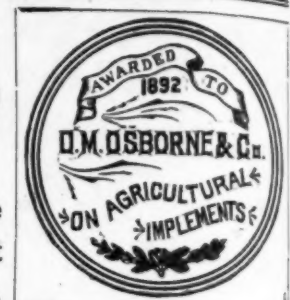
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 Fall River, Mass.
 Springfield, Mass.
 Worcester, Mass.
 Hartford, Conn.

During that day we learned that coal was \$22 per ton, hay \$40 per ton, ice \$50 per ton, and eggs 50 cents per dozen.

Sunday, March 30th, walked up the "punch bowl," an inactive volcano back of the hotel, 48 feet high. We met Chief Justice Judd D. McGrew and others. One evening we were entertained at the doctor's and shown over the grounds and house; there we saw the traveler's palm Yang-Lang tree, from which the perfume is made, and all the varieties I have previously mentioned.

Tuesday, April 1st, an invitation was sent to the hotel. The king and his high officers would receive us at 10 A. M. Upon coming into the presence of His Royal Highness, we were greeted with "aloha," meaning welcome—passed on, then ushered through many rooms of the palace, at our pleasure.

In the large room opposite where we entered, was the throne, also seats below and in front of the throne, for his assistants; then were shown through and into the king's sleeping apartment, a privilege granted to but few, we were told. This was a very large, square room, bed high-posted, the upper covering made of feathers taken from birds of brilliant plumage, and of very light weight. In one corner of this room was an octagon bay window, the king's den for playing chess, a favorite game of his. The table was made from native woods, and laid beautifully. The queen was then in retirement for the death of her sister.

At noon of that day, April 1st, we were to sail for San Francisco. On our arrival at the wharf we had a little extra time to look about and watch the manner of loading ships for the different islands. It was a curious sight. In one they were stowing away Chinese, 500 of them marching aboard in single file, each one numbered, his pack on the back, strapped on a stick. They had a sort of shelf to get onto, four or five tiers deep, and lay on the floor so thick, there was hardly space to walk around them.

Another ship was loading horses. They place a kind of rope belt, a wide one, around the horse near the shoulders, fasten it; at a signal the pulley raises him into mid air, swinging him over the ship, then lowering him. There is some kicking at space, I can assure you. Now, a surprise, for in the distance, music. The Royal Band is to give us a concert, and play as the ship leaves the wharf.

At sharp twelve we started; yet our voyage was not calm, for after crossing the bar, we found the ocean in a perfect turmoil. The Captain informed us we were to encounter a marine earthquake, and certainly we did. About twenty-five miles out to sea we could easily see the island of Molokai, the leper settlement. This island seemed as if nature especially framed it for these unfortunate; it is divided by a natural granite wall nearly 200 feet high, the lepers' homes on one side, and very fine lands, mountains and streams, on the other. It is impossible for any to escape, and to go from one side of the island to the other, one has to go by boat.

This rough water lasted the full seven days, ran mountains high, coming from every direction, made it impossible to stand, and with difficulty to sit—an unusual event.

The Captain said he had never encountered anything like it, lasting the whole return voyage, till we sailed through the Golden Gate into the harbor of San Francisco.

I have sketched one or more experiences for each day during the time there. We were satisfied that more had been accomplished than we even anticipated, yet we left much of interest and study.

This I can say: The Hawaiian Islands have been called the gems of the Pacific Ocean, and those who have once visited them bring away a memory of the most romantic island kingdom in the world.

We again go through the same formality with the Custom House officers and physician.

After leaving the steamship and reaching the wharf, a most welcome surprise awaited us—for there were many of the friends whom we had left at Monterey, all waiting ready to greet us with a hearty welcome on our safe arrival.

For the Maine Farmer.

WORK-OUT FIELDS.

BY H. G. ABBOTT.

Mr. Editor: Many thanks to Mr. Arrey for his response through the *Farmers*, giving his experience in reclaiming old, worn-out fields without barn manure or commercial manure. But I must confess, after reading his communication over and over, that I did not get the desired information that I expected,

and am as much in the dark as ever, as is your able correspondent W. P. A., and an answer to the questions named by him would cover the ground. W. P. A. asks for information which is best to plough under, clover or peas. My experience is that both are good, but corn is better than either. I have had the best results by plowing old, worn-out ground the first of June, and sow two bushels of corn to the acre and harrow thoroughly, and the last of August plow it under and seed to Timothy, and if mixed grass is desired put a little clover in the spring when the ground is frozen. This is no new theory, but I have had good results in so doing. It costs but little to put in an acre in this way. Now why not, brother farmers, after your spring's work is over, put in one acre, and then you will know for yourselves. Our Maine corn is better than the Western.

SERVING THE COUNTRY—NO. VIII.

Sketches of the Services of a Veteran Maine Regiment from Maine to Florida. Incidents of Camp, Field, Picket, Garrison, Siege, Skirmish, Charge and Battle.

BY JOHN W. LANG.

Co. B, 9th Me. Vet. Inf. Vt.

Siege of Charleston Continued—Saps, Parallels, and Batteries—Dahlgren's Boat Attack on Sumter—Slow but Sure Advances—Storm and Calm—Wagner Evacuated—Sumter Knocked into a Rubbish Pile.

Between July 15th and Aug. 17th the "Marsh Battery," or "Swamp Angel," was begun and completed. It was a work of great labor and patient industry. When all was ready, fire was opened Aug. 17th, with shot and shell, from twelve batteries of heavy guns, on Sumter, Wagner and Cummings' Point batteries, but mainly on Sumter, the breaching guns being served with great care and deliberation, the distance of our batteries from Sumter varying from 3,428 to 4,200 yards, or from two to two and a half miles.

At the appointed hour around the line of our works the crack of the rifle rang out with the first patter of the coming cyclone. The cannon soon boomed from every embrasure. Solid shot and shell hustled into the enemy's works. The shrill shriek of heavy metal in the air foretold their mission of destruction. The monitors and gun-boats and mortar vessels join in, and the awful roar is deafening. The rebels reply to both our forts and vessels with energy that is commendable on their part. Above the astounding roar of the Parrotts and siege pieces, is heard the deeper thunder of the mortars, sounding and resounding at regular intervals from their stations, and up, up, up, with the train of a meteor, with the quaver of ten thousand organs, soars the black terror, a mile or a mile and a half into the placid depths of the heavens, and then curving with majestic slowness in the heights of air, dives faster and faster into the rebel ramparts, followed by the explosion just over, or within their works of the great iron sphere. One, two, three, even five or six, may be counted at once, at times, tracing fiery parabolas on the deep background of the sky, rising like the lark, or swooping down like the eagle on its quarry. Such a bombardment had never been experienced by the "Johnnies" this side of Vicksburg. They hastened into their holes, and burrowed in their bomb proofs. The silence of death reigned over their guns, at length, and many of our officers and men congratulated themselves that the works would soon be taken. But how greatly they were mistaken.

Those of our men on the second parallel were exposed to a galling fire from Wagner, which, though somewhat impeded by a cross fire from our iron-clads, at times caused a partial suspension of the bombardment, while a heavy north-easter, raging on two days, Aug. 18th and 19th, seriously affected our fire in its accuracy at distant Sumter, which the rebels were constantly strengthening with sand bags so fast as it was demolished by our shot.

Gen. Gilmore ceased fire on Sumter Aug. 23, because he considered, and reported to Halleck, that Fort Sumter, as an offensive work, was now practically demolished; its barbette guns nearly all dismantled, its stately walls crumbled to a ruin by our metal; its guns were silently withdrawn to other batteries, and with them its artillerists, and for the most part, infantry garrisoned in bomb proofs and torn and devastated interior. These were tolerably safe, and were totally incapable of resisting our advance in iron-clads, or impeding our approach to Wagner. They could "repel boarders" if attacked by a force in

boats, and did repel Com. Dahlgren's attack with his flotilla of 30 boats' crews, on the night of Sept. 8. These were led by Com. Stephens, of the *Patapsco*, and attempted to carry Fort Sumter by an assault, no notice of which was given to Gen. Gilmore, or any cooperation asked. The boats were towed nearly to the fort and cast off, and quickly pulled to the grim old ruin that had so long barred our way. The crews of three boats jumped ashore, led by Commanders Williams, Lieut. Remy and Ensign Porter, and attempted to gain admission to the fort, and to reach its parapet. The slope was steeper than expected, and its ascent more difficult than had been apprehended. The garrison under Maj. S. Elliot were alive to the occasion, and with musketry and hand grenades they soon turned the scale. The rebel batteries being signalled, they opened on the scene with a terrible fire. Three boats were soon torn in pieces, and the two hundred they had borne to the fort either killed, wounded, or compelled to surrender. The residue of the expedition drew off unhurt. The rebels lost none. Our loss was about 80 killed, and 121 wounded and prisoners.

Gilmore now expected the iron-clads to force their way into the inner harbor and up to the city, which he deemed no longer defensible against our naval force; but Dahlgren did not concur in this opinion of the feasibility of such an enterprise, and it was not attempted. The great storm of Aug. 18 and 19 raised the tides so they partially filled our works, washing down parapets, and impeding our operations, as well as destroying our approaches; but these damages were soon repaired, and the saps pushed ahead. A fourth parallel was soon established, the night of Aug. 22, barely three hundred yards from Wagner, and only one hundred yards from a sheltering ridge in its front, from behind which the rebel sharpshooters had seriously impeded our working parties, and defied efforts to expel them by shelling, or mortar firing, or infantry firing. Gen. Terry was now directed to take the position with the bayonet, and did so in a short, sharp, gallant affair. This cleared the way for our fifth parallel behind the ridges, only 240 yards from Wagner. Here the dry part of the island is only 25 yards wide at high tide, and barely two feet high at the high tide. In rough weather tides break across it to the marsh back of it. To the front the ground was filled with the debris of the siege. In spite of all this, a sap or rude trench had been run up by day-break, on the 27th, to within 100 yards of the fort.

Yet here the progress of the besiegers was temporarily checked. Wagner was concentrating its fire from its extended front on this narrow sand-spit at close range, was necessarily most effective. That of the James Island batteries was steadily increasing in volume and accuracy. To push the sap by day was death to all engaged in it, while a bright harvest moon rendered it all but equally hazardous by night. It became necessary to silence the fort utterly by an overwhelming curved fire from siege and Cohorn mortars, at the same time attempting to breach the bomb proof by a fire of rifled guns at close range, thus expelling its garrison from its only available shelter. To this end all the light mortars were brought to the front and placed in battery; the capacity of the fifth parallel and advanced trenches for sharpshooters was greatly enlarged and improved; the rifled guns in the left breaching batteries were trained upon the fort, and powerful calcium lights prepared to assist the operations of our cannonners and sharpshooters, while blinding those of the enemy. The new Ironsides, Capt. Rowan, also moved up and set to work during the daylight on the obstinate fortress. "All being ready, our batteries reopened fire Sept. 5th at daybreak in full chorus, the new Ironsides pouring in her broadsides of 11-inch shells against the parapet, whence they dropped nearly vertically, exploding within or over the fort, while the calcium lights turned night into day, blinding the garrison and rendering visible to the besiegers everything connected with the fort. This proved too much for the beleaguered, who were compelled to seek and abide in the shelter of their bomb proof, leaving our sappers free to push forward their work until they were so close to the fort that the fire of the James Island batteries, which had become their chief annoyance, could only be rendered effective at peril of friends and foes alike. And now the sap was pushed with vigor and in entire disregard of the enemy,

(the workers off duty mounting the parapets of their works to take a survey of the ground), until a little after dark, Sept. 6th, the sap was pushed by the south face of the fort, leaving it on their left, crowning the crest of the counter scarp near the flank of the east sea front, completely masking all the guns in the work, save those on this flank, and removing a row of long pikes which had been planted at the foot of their counter scarp by the rebels as an impediment to assault.

Gen. Gilmore directed Gen. Terry to assault in three columns at 9 A. M., the 7th of September, that being the hour of low tide, and the greatest width of sea beach whereon to operate and make the assault. But by midnight it was found that the garrison were escaping, and with such celerity did they move that we took but 70 prisoners. They left guns in Wagner and 7 in Battery Gregg.

Though 122,300 pounds of metal had been hurled at it at short range from breaching guns—none of them less than 100 pounders—within the last two days, the bomb proof of Wagner was found substantially intact, and capable of sheltering 1500 men. Sand was fully prepared to possess a power of protracted resistance to the power of heavy ordnance far surpassing that of brick or stone.

Meantime Sumter, though still a volcano, was a volcano asleep, her guns mainly dismantled, her garrison hidden in her innermost recesses. At length, upon advice that the enemy was re-mounting some guns on the southeast face, Gen. Gilmore reopened, Oct. 26th, on that face with his heavy rifled guns from Wagner and Gregg, crumbling it speedily into ruins, which sloped from the summit to the surrounding water. Thereafter a slow and irregular fire from Cummings' Point was maintained for weeks, or till nearly the close of the year, when all prospect of a penetration of the harbor by the iron-clads being over, and no object seeming to justify a continuance of the fire, it was suspended, or, thenceforth directed mainly against Charleston alone. Oct. 3d the rebels sent a torpedo boat against the new Ironsides, which failed. The *Wahawake* filled and sunk off Morris Island, Dec. 6th, carrying down thirty of her crew. This was owing to her hatches being carelessly left off. We mention these incidents because they were prominent events in the siege of Charleston. In all these long days and weeks and months of siege the Ninth Maine bore its full share, and continually lost men. The poor water, the unsheltered and exposed situation, the continual danger and exposure under fire, the severe fatigue, picket, and other duties, all conspired to make great hardships during this campaign.

For the Maine Farmer.

HEAVY WEIGHTS OF WOOL AND LAMBS.

BY OSCAR SHIRLEY.

As I am always much interested in good stock, etc., I presume there may be others also. I have a flock of 37 sheep, and have 44 lambs, which we think are very good ones; 13 of my sheep are registered Cotswolds, which averaged 14½ pounds of good wool. Five of these are imported, one buck and four ewes. The five shorn 81 pounds of first class combing wool; my buck shorn 22 pounds. I will give the weights of three of my lambs. One lamb at 12½ weeks old, weighed 68½ pounds, another at 10 weeks weighed 56 pounds, and one when seven weeks old, tipped the beam at 32 pounds; this lamb weighed when born 17 pounds. My sheep have come through the winter in good shape. I have dipped my lambs, and in about ten days will dip both sheep and lambs. This will clean them from all ticks. One word to men of my belief: let free trade come. We will try and stand it. They can't legislate us out of a good bulky fleece of wool and a large carcass of good mutton.

Houlton.

For the Maine Farmer.

A LITTLE MORE EXPLICIT.

BY C. H. WOLFAUPT.

Mr. Editor: In your issue of the 18th ult., in "Hints to Young Bee Keepers," by E. L. Waterhouse, in the final wind-up, in the construction of the hive, there is a little obscurity; at least, it appears to me. The outside, top and bottom, I have constructed according to "plans and specifications," as given by Mr. Waterhouse, and bee keepers here pronounce it a "daisy."

Now, if Mr. Waterhouse would be so kind as to be a little more explicit in regard to "frames" and "cases," how made and put in, he would confer a favor upon many a novice in bee keeping. Let us hear from you again, Brother Waterhouse.

Bloomfield, Carleton Co., N. B.

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tions, and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.
Mr. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our sub-
scribers in York county.
Mr. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our
subscribers in Penobscot county.

The summer hotels in Maine are mak-
ing preparations for full houses this sum-
mer.

We have at this office a few copies of
the Premium List of the Maine State Ag-
ricultural Society.

And so the Maine building at Chicago
is to be kept open on Sundays, after all.
And why shouldn't it be? Why turn
people out of doors, just because it is
Sunday?

The "milk of human kindness" is il-
lustrated in a very practical manner by
Nathan Strauss of New York. He has
established a system by which the poor
will be served with milk at two cents a
pint or four cents a quart. Women and
children will be supplied with milk at
one cent a glass.

Several gentlemen in Caribou interest-
ed in fishing, have conceived a plan,
which, if it meets with the cooperation
it should in Aroostook county, will be
productive of an amount of future bene-
fit to that section that it is hardly pos-
sible now to appreciate. The purpose of
these gentlemen is to secure the organiza-
tion of an association in Aroostook for
the purpose, chiefly, of propagating fish
with which to stock the waters of that
region, and to take steps to protect its
streams and lakes against the poachers.

The Presbyterian General Assembly,
after due examination, have found Rev.
Dr. Briggs guilty of unsound teaching,
and has suspended him from the office of
minister of that denomination. We pre-
sume that Dr. Briggs will go right on
preaching the truths of revelation as he
understands them, continuing all the
time his investigations in the realm of
truth. And he will have audiences, for
the people are with him. They do not
believe in crippling him because he can-
not accept in every particular the inter-
pretation put upon the Bible by a synod
two or three hundred years ago.

It may be of interest to our readers to
know that the first stage route in the
Province of Maine was from Portsmouth
in New Hampshire to Portland, Me.,
then to Brunswick, next up the
Kennebec to Augusta, the third up
the Androscoggin to Farmington.
These soon had side lines to towns
of the general route. Then stage lines
were established from Brunswick to
Thomaston, from Thomaston up the Pe-
nobscot, then between Augusta and Ban-
gor, and thereafter lines were supplied
to carry mails and transport passengers,
as new routes were established and roads
and country opened up.

An eastern Maine man, who regrets
that he cannot die a veteran of the Civil
War, and have his grave decorated with
flowers, says he was prevented from at-
taining this honor by an untoward cir-
cumstance. "I started for Portland to
enlist," he says, "and of course I expect-
ed when I got to the seat of war some-
thing decisive would be done. But I
guess I heard I was coming, for, blame
him! he up and surrendered before I
could get into uniform. That spoilt the
whole business, for they didn't want any
more soldiers, and I had to come home
and let the old flag wave without my as-
sistance."

Darkest Russia, a monthly publica-
tion, confirms the announcement that
Russian persecution of the Jews is ex-
tending to Poland. It says that 480 fam-
ilies have been expelled from the Ronda-
Gonzowski district alone. All the heads
of families thus expelled were engaged
in trade and possessed more or less real
estate, which they were forced to aban-
don. Some of the expelled families, *Darkest Russia* asserts, have already
passed through London on their way
either to America or to Cape Town,
South Africa. Most of these people are
educated and are well supplied with
money. This driving out of the Jews is
the outcome of measures that Gen.
Gourko initiated months ago.

The Weekly Financial Review, New
York, in its last number, says: "In some
branches of business there is a notice-
able improvement, especially in grocery
and dry goods; which is an indication of
returning vitality in the staple depart-
ments of trade. The returns of the rail-
roads also show a very gratifying im-
provement. The gross earnings of some
of the roads reporting last week show an
average increase of nearly 10 per cent.—
a fact which suggests the inference that
the real contraction of trade is not so
great as might be supposed from com-
mon report. The real trouble seems to
be less in any actual falling off in the
volume of business than in the preva-
lence of a feeling of apprehension inci-
dent to the partial interruption of dis-
count accommodation throughout the
country at large and to the failure aris-
ing from that stringency. This fear is,
of course, a serious injury to business;
for it not only abnormally reduces prices
and profits, but may easily lead to em-
barrassments and suspensions, as it un-
doubtedly has within the last few weeks.
But there is reason to hope that this
phase of feeling has passed its climax.
The banks seem to be gaining confidence
in the general soundness of commercial
credits, and, with the late large gains
in their reserves and the low rate of interest
obtainable on call loans, they are begin-
ning to show more disposition to dis-
count for their customers."

MR. STEVENS ON THE HAWAIIAN QUES- TION.

Hon. John L. Stevens, Ex-United
States Minister to the Sandwich Islands,
arrived at San Francisco, Cal., on Wed-
nesday, by steamer Australia, from Hon-
olulu, on his way home to Maine. On
Thursday he was given a grand reception
by the Chamber of Commerce of that
city, and addressed the merchants on the
Hawaiian question. He said, in brief, that
he had not been long in Honolulu when
he perceived how thoroughly an Ameri-
can city it is, how strong is American
sympathy, and how predominating are
American interests in all the islands of
the Hawaiian group. More than one
year of careful study of the existing com-
plex facts he found necessary to a cor-
rect understanding of the moral, com-
mercial and political status of the islands.
He found an intelligent body of citizens,
of European and American origin, shar-
ing the good-will of many native Hawai-
lians, supporting a semi-barbaric mon-
archy, resting on no solid or normal
foundation, dead in everything but its
vices, coarsely luxurious in its tastes and
wishes, constantly sending out impure
exhalations, and spreading social and
political demoralization throughout the
islands. This semi-heathen and grossly
spurious government mechanism, called
the Hawaiian monarchy, was being
chiefly supported by the taxes and toler-
ation of those who could have no sin-
cere loyalty to it, and who knew that it
returned to the islands nothing for the
money it annually squandered on worse
than useless expenditures. Bad as had
been the courtiers and favorite com-
panions and advisers of this semi-bar-
baric King, those whom his sister
Lilinoakalani immediately drew around
her were still worse, coupled with a
feeling of shame. The legislature repudiated
her ministers, but instead of appointing
ministers possessing the confidence of
the legislative majority and of the busi-
ness men of the islands, she continued
to select those of her own type of char-
acter. Three successive ministries of
this description were voted out by the
legislature, with the warm approval of
all the best men of the islands. At last
the Queen appeared to yield to the pressure
of public opinion and consented to the
appointment of four responsible men,
three of them persons of wealth, and all
of them men of good financial standing,
who took the official places with re-
luctance, all four of them sharing the
public confidence.

Mr. Stevens here described the various
iniquitous measures of the Queen, the
proclamation of the new constitution,
the launching of the revolution. The
great mass meeting of Jan. 16th—worthy
of the best American towns, was held.
It was made up of the best and chief
men of the country—the owners of
property, the professional and educated
citizens, merchants, bankers, clerks,
mechanics, teachers, clergymen. This as-
semblage was a unit in opinion and
purpose. It was stirred by a common
sentiment, the love of country and the
desire for public order and public se-
curity. It took its measures wisely and
prudently. Its committee of public
safety asked Mr. Stevens to land the
men of the Boston, lest riot and incendia-
rism might burst out in the night, for
no reliable police force longer existed,
and whatever there was of this force was
now in the control of the usurpers and
the lottery gamblers, who had initiated
the revolution. Under the diplomatic
and naval rules, which were and are im-
perative, the United States Minister
and Naval Commander would have
shamefully ignored their duty had they
not landed the men of the Boston for
the security of American life and prop-
erty, and the maintenance of public
order, even had the committee of public
safety not requested us to do so. As
American representatives, five thousand
miles from their government, they could
not have escaped the responsibilities,
even had they desired to do so. Fortu-
nately the commander of the Boston,
and those under his command, had no
desire to shirk their duty. They ap-
preciated the obligations of American
patriotism and the honor of the Ameri-
can navy. On shore in perfect order,
they stepped not an inch from the line
of duty. They never lifted a finger in
aid of the fallen monarchy or the rising
provisional government. The conduct
of the United States officers and men in
their seventy-five days on shore in Hon-
olulu is to the credit of their intelligence,
their patriotism and their self-control—
an honor to the American navy. With-
out the loss of a single life, this remark-
able revolution in the Hawaiian islands
was accomplished. They have to-day
the best government those islands ever
had. That government is now much
stronger than on the days when it
sprang into life. It is supported by all
the best citizens, and by seven-eighths of
the property of the country. Both the
provisional government and those sup-
porting it strongly desire Hawaii to
become a part of the Great Republic.
In none of our American States is there
a more earnest, more loyal American
people. They look to the flag which
their fathers reared and consecrated to
American liberty and good government
for protection. They stretch out a plea-
ding hand to this mighty nation of free-
men not to abandon them in the days of
their imperative need. The American people
hear their cry for sympathy and support.
Shall they plead in vain? Men of our
blood, familiar with our history, united
to us by a common interest, hopeful
of America's great future, they ask that
the American flag, the American constitu-
tion, and the American laws may
shelter and protect them. Without the
expenditure of a single American life, or
a dollar of American gold, they offer the
rich prize, this splendid possession of
the Pacific, to the American govern-
ment, in trust for the American people.
Never was such a prize before offered as
a gift to a great nation. Humanity,
patriotism and statesmanship demand
that the Hawaiian islands should be at
once and forever placed under the
American flag. Planted between the
two great oceans, with its rapidly in-
creasing population and wealth, its im-
mense material resources, its tremendous
energies, free from the terrible burdens
of armies and debts which press upon

the European people, we cannot escape
our responsibilities if we would. God
and future posterity will hold us ac-
countable for our manner of using what
has been placed at our command. Those
sunny and beautiful islands of the North
Pacific, the fairest in all this mighty
area of waters, are as important to
America as the islands of the Mediter-
ranean are to Europe. These gems of
the ocean will be accepted and placed among
the jewels of America's future crown of
empire and glory.

Mr. Stevens' speech was received with
great favor, and resolutions were passed
by the Board favoring the speedy an-
nexation of the islands.

MAPLE GROVE FARM, AUBURN.

Among the stock farms which were
established in the earlier days of the
horse industry must be mentioned Maple
Grove Farm, owned by B. F. & F. H.
Briggs, Auburn. While great care has
been bestowed upon the Jerseys, and a
herd established second to none, it is to
the horses that particular attention is
called. If one is in want of a fast trot-
ter or ideal roadster, he will do well to
visit this establishment and examine the
sons and daughters of Messenger Wilkes,
Rockefeller and Warren. Especially
would the colts by Messenger Wilkes
please one looking for an ideal roadster.
Standing fully sixteen hands and weigh-
ing eleven hundred or more, up-headed,
and with good knee action, they have,
in addition, a way of moving which de-
lights the looker-on. It may be ques-
tioned whether another stable can turn
out as many fine, large, gentle drivers,
with speed, as may be seen among this
set of Messenger Wilkes. While the
records made have placed him among
the leading sires of the State, there is
promise that in the size and style of his
colts he is to excel as well. Surely no
better type of the stylish, courageous
roadster could be desired than to be
seen in Palm, Narka, Narcus, Miranda,
Lady Briggs and others, while the
younger ones, developing at Maple
Grove and vicinity, promise to be as
large and fully as good. At the half
mile track on the farm we had the
pleasure of seeing Gene Briggs and
Graneta worked, and there can be no
question as to their holding their speed.
Both are race horses, and, barring acci-
dents, will be heard from later. A ride
behind Sadie L., full sister to Nelson
2:10, would please any horseman, as she
will please the crowd later on when
started in the races. She has a way of
going much like Aubine, only that it is
full as smooth and easy, and every in-
dication points to as much speed. She
is rounding to in great form, and will
be ready when called upon. Warren,
the brother of Sunol, and sire of
Royce and other promising ones, is
kept busy in the stud, and his engage-
ments insure a good season's work, while
the promising condition of his colts in-
sure a steady demand for his services.
Rockefeller and Messenger Wilkes are
in excellent working condition, and, while
not so stated, it is confidently expected
that both will be heard from before
October.

Among the yearlings are two, a colt
and filly, which would please any horse-
man, being large, strongly muscled,
and built to go and to endure. In the yards
among the brood mares was one by Dic-
tator with foal at foot by Warren, and
another by Messenger Wilkes, with foal
at foot by Rockefeller, the latter being
a full brother to the beautiful mare
Arolyn, now owned by H. Wesley Hutch-
ins, bred at Maple Grove Farm. Any
one looking for size, style, courage and
speed will do well to spend a day at
Maple Grove, and inspect the choice lot
of well bred stallions, geldings, mares
and colts which have been bred there.
Such stables are a credit to the State,
and give permanence to this great
breeding interest. It is just the kind of
stock which must be found upon the
farms of Maine, and it looks as though
the present was the proper time to com-
mence breeding. During the next few
years the breeding process will be car-
ried on vigorously, because prices are
to rule low for common stock, and he
who gets in line to breed horses like
those mentioned above will find an ac-
tive demand and remunerative prices.

A. E. Faught, Esq., of Sidney, has been
reappointed Chief Statistical Reporter for
Kennebec County. Mr. Faught has held
this position for the past twelve years,
under the three past administrations,
and to the entire satisfaction of the Ag-
ricultural Department at Washington,
having frequently received words of
praise for the promptness and the value
of his reports furnished to the Depart-
ment. Mr. Faught has also recently
been reappointed by the New England
Meteorological and Crop Reporting De-
partment, he having served in this ca-
pacity for the past three years as as-
sistant to the N. E. Weather Bureau. We
congratulate both him and the Depart-
ment under which he so faithfully labors.

Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York
World, has given \$100,000 to the build-
ing fund of Columbia College. The
trustees of the college recently asked
for \$2,000,000 as a building fund with
which to erect a suitable new home for
the college on the site recently selected
on Riverside Heights, overlooking the
Hudson River. The Pulitzer donation
brings the subscription up to \$550,000.

Sorrento has made an early start,
the wealthy cottage owners are already
arriving, and this elegant resort will be
more than ever a rival of Bar Harbor,
this season. The \$18,000 library build-
ing, the gift of Mrs. Frank Jones, built
the past winter and spring, is an impos-
sible structure, opposite the Episcopal
chapel.

Where but a few years ago five cars
constituted a good sized train on the
Maine Central, and seven an unusually
long one, now 10 cars on a train is an
every day matter and only recently 17
was the number that left Portland on
the early morning Pullman.

A popular corn-planter drops corn,
beans and phosphate all at once and
covers as it goes, five kernels in a hill:
"One for the jackdaw, one for the crow,
One for the cut-worm, two to let grow."

MARRIAGE OF MISS MANLEY.

Miss Lucy Cony Manley, eldest daughter
of Hon. Joseph H. Manley of this city, was
married at her father's house, yesterday
noon, to Mr. Chase Mellen of New York
city. The high standing of both parties,
and the prominence of their families in
political and social affairs, made it a
notable event in the city. The wedding
party entered the beautifully decorated
parlors to the sweet strains of Prof.
Thieme's orchestra, playing Lohengrin's
wedding march.

The ceremony was performed by Rev.
J. S. Williamson, of the Congrega-
tional church, the Episcopal service being
used. The bride wore a white satin
gown en train, trimmed with lace and
diamonds, with orange blossoms. The
bride was given away by her father
while Mr. Mellen's best man was his
brother.

Some one hundred guests were pre-
sent, among them some of the leading
and prominent men of the State. After
the ceremony a sumptuous wedding
dinner was served, and the happy couple
were driven to the depot, where they
took the "Yankee" for their bridal trip,
carrying with them the best wishes of
all.

The wedding gifts were very elegant.
Mrs. James G. Blaine presented the
bride with a full silver service; Mr. and
Mrs. Hale, a silver salad bowl; Hon. C.
A. Boutelle, a toilet set; Mr. and Mrs.
Arthur Sewall, silver coffee pot; Mrs.
Thomas Lambard, silver sugar bowl and
creamers; Judge and Mrs. Wiswell, silver
tray; Judge and Mrs. Libby, silver but-
ter spreader; Hon. and Mrs. G. A. Ho-
wland, silver punch, ladies' knives, etc.
Hon. and Mrs. Samuel Fessenden, Stam-
ford, Conn., a silver berry set and a silver
ice cream set; Gen. W. T. Palmer, New
York, a Bohemian glass fruit set. The
presents were very numerous, and con-
sisted of every kind of silver and glass
ware, together with many rare and cost-
ly books and pictures. Mrs. Samuel
Cony, the grandmother of the bride,
gave a diamond ring. The parents gave
a full silver outfit, knives, forks, spoons,
caddies, etc. One of the gifts was a beau-
tiful picture which was formerly the
property of Mrs. Judge Daniel Cony,
who was the grandmother of the late
Gov. Cony, the bride's grandfather.

The bride comes from families on both
sides which have been prominent in the
affairs of State and nation. The groom
is a rising young lawyer of New York,
connected with the law firm of Parsons,
Shepherd & Ogden of that city. He
was educated at the University of Eng-
land, and afterwards prepared for the
law at Columbia Law School, from
which he graduated with the highest
honors a few years since. The congratula-
tions and good wishes of a host of
young men of the same people, who
will reside in New York.

TRIAL OF LIZZIE BORDEN.

The long anticipated murder trial of
Miss Lizzie Borden has begun at New
Bedford, Mass. She was taken from
Taunton jail to that place on Saturday.
Miss Borden was plainly dressed, and
carried a bunch of pansies, and seemed
in better health than when she went
over to be arraigned.

Early Monday morning every avail-
able shady spot in the vicinity of the
court house was occupied by a curious
crowd. In the court room every seat
was occupied by jurymen and specta-
tors. No outsiders having been allowed
as yet to enter. Within the box en-
closure were a few prominent men of
the county, who had been accorded seats
by courtesy. One hundred and fifty per-
sons were present when the jury was
to be selected. Lizzie Borden arrived
at 11 o'clock promptly, driving up
in a close, handsome carriage with col-
ored driver. Sheriff Wright accompanied
her. Miss Borden was attired in a be-
coming, tasteful dress, and wore a black
spring hat of lace. There were no flowers
nor any attempt at external display.
She seemed perfectly cool and deliberate.
Her face wore the hue of health.

Lizzie took her seat facing the dock
at the extreme right. Deputy Sheriff
Kirby, her guardian, taking his place be-
side her. Several of her friends were
within the bar. District Attorney W. H.
Moody of Essex, who will open for the
prosecution, was then 21 years old.

Following him came Col. Melvin O. Adams, Ex-Governor
Robinson, Miss Borden's counsel, came
in, and walking over to the dock, greeted
Lizzie with his kind smile and shook her
hand. The trial was then opened by
Chief Justice Mansfield, the empanelling of a jury
was proceeded with. During the day
the full jury of twelve men were ob-
tained, the last man having been drawn
at 4:45 P. M. The court then adjourned
till Tuesday morning.

On Tuesday morning Mr. Moody
opened the case for the government, recit-
ing what they expected to prove. The
Court adjourned to allow the jury to
visit Fall River and view the scene of the
tragedy.

James C. Hanson, of Searsport, who
died in the Insane Asylum at Augusta
recently, was the son of Capt. Fred W.
Hanson of Searsport, who died Aug. 6,
1878, while in command of the ship
Calcutta. He was then 21 years old,
smart, intelligent and full of hope.
He and his mother were on board the
ship. His mind became affected from
seeing his father lowered into the ocean
and from the perils encountered after the
Captain's death, about which the cap-
tain's wife wrote as follows: "On the
7th of Aug., the day after my husband
died, a heavy gale came near losing the
ship. The name was then 21 years old,
and from that time until the 28th
of Sept. there was nothing but a suc-
cession of heavy winds and storms. Sept.
11th the rudder was damaged in a heavy
gale and on the 14th, during another
heavy gale, the rudder was carried away
and for 14 days the heavily laden ship,
wholly uncontrollable, drifted wherever
the winds and waves carried her. On
the 27th of Sept. spoke the Georgietta
Lawrence, which after lying by the help-
less ship all night, fastened to her in the
morning, when about 15 miles off Table
Mountain, South Africa, and towed her
into Cape Town."

Rev. James H. Eob, D. D., formerly
of Augusta, is another of the think-
ing clergymen who are heartily sick
of the manner in which Dr. Briggs
has been pursued by the Presbyterian
Council. He is the pastor of the
Second Presbyterian church of Al-
bany, N. Y. In his morning sermon
Sunday he denounced his allegiance to
the Presbyterian denomination because
of the decision of the general assembly
in the Briggs case. Dr. Eob's church is
one of the most influential in the city,
and his congregation is made up of the
most intelligent men there. At the close
of the service Dr. Eob was surrounded
by his congregation and a great majority
of whom expressed sympathy with his
views.

Wednesday of last week ended a cold,
backward spring.

A correspondent writes: "More than
twenty-five years ago, E. W. Williams of
Monarda, being in Patten on business,
saw as he rode by Mr. Peter G. Noyes', a
flock of geese; he alighted, and requested
to purchase a pair, which favor was
kindly granted. He kept them a few
years, then sold them to a neighbor.
In the eventful intervening years, they
have repeatedly been sold to different
parties, their lives have passed between
Monarda and Macwahoc. A while ago
Mr. Williams purchased another pair,
and by so doing, learned he had repur-
chased the geese he sold many years ago.
Surely her last days should be her best,
scrambling the haunts of her old home,
being fed with a bountiful hand,
at last dying the peaceful death of the
old gray goose."

When Lafayette, in the flush of ardent
young manhood, devoted his sword to
the cause of the struggling American
colonies, he could have had no idea that
he was taking a step that was to embalm
his name forever in the memory of a
great people. On Decoration Day his
tomb was visited by a large delegation
of Americans from Paris and adorned
with wreaths and baskets of dark blue
pansies by representatives of Lafayette
Post, G. A. R., of New York City. Mr.
Estus, our ambassador, made an elo-
quent speech on the occasion, in which,
among other things, he said that Lafay-
ette's name had become a household
word in America, and that his memory
awakened in the breast of every Ameri-
can the emotion of grateful admiration.

Hiram Ricker of Poland died Sunday
afternoon, aged 84. His health had been
poor for two years, and for six months
he has been unable to leave his room.
His face through life has been a familiar
feature of Poland Hill. He was promi-
nently connected with the first move-
ment to build the Rumford railway, and
has always been public spirited. The
names of Poland Spring and Hiram
Ricker are closely linked in the history
of the last half century. His wife died
in 1883. Six children survive him, Ed-
win P., Alvin B., Cynthia A., Hiram W.,
Sarah L., and Nettie M. The deceased
was senior member of the firm of
Hiram Ricker & Sons.

We learn from Mr. E. W. Dunbar that
the idea of special premiums for corn
and beans, offered by the Lincoln County
Agricultural Society, did not originate
with him, but with the late Hon. E. W.
Stetson. Mr. Dunbar adds:

Ground mostly seeded June 1st. Season
about ten days later than last year,
excepting grass, which is fully up to an
average year, looking well and little win-
ter-killed. No rain since May 17; a mod-
erate rain seems to be needed "about this
time."

The past few days have been days of
financial panic. A large number of
national banks at the West and other
corporations and companies have sus-
pended. There has been a run on Chi-
cago savings banks, a panic spreading
among timid depositors. At Sioux City,
Iowa, there have been failures for \$15,
000,000 inside of two weeks. The cause
of all this seems to be the prevailing
stringency in the money market.

The spirit of patriotism was illustrated
by a Gardiner seven year old, Memorial
Day, who had gathered two bouquets to
place on the grave of his little sister.
When about to start for the cemetery
however he astonished his mother with
"mamma, I think I'll plant one of these
on sister's grave and take the other one
down and give it to the men that fought
in the war."

George W. Williams of Augusta, was
brought in by Deputy Marshal Burton
Smith, Friday night in Portland, on the
charge of non-payment of a special tax.
He was arraigned Saturday morning be-
fore Commissioner Bradley, and bound
over to the September term at Bath, in
the sum of \$300. Bail was furnished.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Mr. and Mrs.
Walter Damosch and Miss Harriet
Blaine, sailed from New York for England
Saturday. Mrs. Blaine has leased a house
in London, and will make the British
capital her home at least until October,
when it is expected she will return to
this city.

Ira M. True of Hallowell, who is now
one of the detective force at the World's
Fair, has lately succeeded in finding a
fellow who was wanted for shooting a
colored man on May 13th. He arrested
him and delivered him to the city po-
lice, and it is said to have been a good
piece of work.

Mr. Gladstone, after a heated debate
on a motion to amend the Home Rule
bill, has consented to the amendment
and proposed. The amendment provided for
the exclusion from the control of the
Irish authorities all Irish people except
the local forces under the local officials.

In the anniversary exercises of the
Bangor Theological Seminary, Tuesday
evening, Rev. Alexander McKenzie,
D. D., of Cambridge, Mass., delivered
the annual address before the Rhetorical
Society, in the Hammond street church.
There was a large attendance.

Joseph Howe killed 15 black snakes
on Chestnut Hill, in Hillsdale, N. H., the
7th, which averaged five feet in length.
This may seem a big story, but we are
assured that Hillsdale is a good temper-
ance town.

William Perkins of South Penobscot
is the proud owner of an eighteen-year-
old hen. It is estimated that she has
laid more than 5000 eggs in her lifetime.
It is about time for her to go hens and
be no more.

Counterfeits of the Columbian half
dollars are in circulation. They are of
copper silver but a little below weight,
while they show some slight defects in
the die. They are not easy to detect.

A. C. Shorey, who has severed his con-
nection with the Bath Times, where he
has been for several years, is negotiating
for the purchase of the Brunswick Tel-
egraph.

Fifty barrels of shad were among the
freight shipped to Boston one afternoon
recently, on the steamer Kennebec.

Less than 60,000 people visited the
World's Fair the second open Sunday,
on account of a disagreeable storm.

CITY NEWS.

—There are now but ten prisoners in
Kennebec jail.

—We are indebted to the Misses Eaton
for an elegant bouquet of flowers from
their well cultivated garden.

—Monday was the first real summer
day that has visited us. The shirt-
sleeve and straw-hat brigade was out.
—Ripe cherries grown in California,
are offered in the market at one cent
each.

—The Unity Club held a reunion,
Thursday evening, closing thirteen years
of successful work. Mrs. H. W. True
gave a history of the Club.

—The report in some of the papers
that Messrs. Vickery & Hill have formed
a publishing company in Portland, is in-
correct.

—On account of the continued illness
of Judge Boker of the Probate Court in
Sagadahoc county, Judge Stevens of this
city presided at the session there on
Tuesday.

—Mr. W. N. Taylor of Portland is try-
ing to arrange a carrier pigeon race with
Augusta people. One of his birds re-
cently covered the distance between
Blackstrap and Portland in 10½ minutes.
A State championship match is expected.

—Mrs. Julia M. Allen, the mother of
the late E. C. Allen, resides in this city,
and is a very active and interesting lady,
lively and entertaining in conversation
and sweet in manners. She is 81 years
of age, but appears much younger.

—Mamie, the 7-year-old daughter of
Mrs. Susan Rice of this city, was badly
burned Saturday afternoon. Her dress
caught while lighting a fire and the
child rushed out of the house with her
clothing ablaze. Her recovery is doubt-
ful.

—Mrs. J. Manchester Haynes and Miss
Muriel Haynes left this city Thursday
morning, on their way to Boston, from
where they sailed Saturday on the Cun-
ard Catalonia for Europe. They will
join Mr. Haynes and the Misses Marion
and Hope Haynes in Paris, and will
spend the summer there.

—The graduation exercises of the senior
class of the Cony high school will be
held in the Opera House, Thursday even-
ing, June 22d. Admission will be by
tickets. Good music will be furnished.
This is a most excellent arrangement,
and will stimulate teachers and pupils to
do their best.

—Fire was discovered in the basement
of the Macomber building on Water street
early Sunday morning. Damage was
principally to Mrs. H. S. Whitney's shoe
store and the Commercial Union Tel-
egraph Company. Mr. Macomber's loss
is about \$100. Most of the damage was
by smoke.

—The third annual meeting of the M.
I. S. A. occurs next Saturday, June
10, at 1:30 P. M., at the Augusta Driving
Park. The contests consist of running,
springing, hurdling, walking, jumping,
a bicycle race, throwing the hammer, etc.,
and promise to be interesting and excit-
ing. All who care for athletics of any
kind should not fail to attend. Admis-
sion 25 cents.

—The Brunswick Telegraph says:
"Rev. Mr. Williamson of Augusta
preached in the First Parish church on
Sunday morning, a most interesting dis-
course, from the text, 'All things work
together for good to them that love
God.' In the evening he addressed the
Bodoin Y. M. C. A. in Memorial Hall,
a large audience filling the hall, the ser-
mon being practical and forcible in style
and delivery."

—The deep sympathy of their many
friends will be extended to City Marshal
Crawford and wife on the death of their
son, Archie B. Moore, aged 16 years.
He was

Items of Maine News.

Good rents are scarce in Richmond. J. C. Fuller & Co., general traders, Canton, have gone into insolvency. Bears have begun early devastations in the Oxford county sheep pastures. Wm. J. Bailey of Pittsfield committed suicide at Quebec.

John R. Sanborn of Norway hung himself in the old shingle mill Sunday night. It is now fully settled that the new city hall in Bangor is to be constructed from the proceeds of the Hersey fund. Blueberry bushes are in bloom, with the promise of an abundant crop.

Mr. William D. Little, one of Portland's oldest and most respected citizens, died on Monday, after a brief illness from typhoid pneumonia.

The B. R. Cole Shoe Co., Ellsworth, recently bought \$40,000 worth of stock to be used in their factory. The concern intend to increase their business greatly.

Alexander Briggs of Biddeford, under indictment for arson in the York county case, was taken to the York county jail on Friday morning, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to five years in State Prison.

Alfred G. Prentiss of Saco, grocer, miller and ship owner, has called a meeting of his creditors. His liabilities are about \$30,000 and assets \$10,000. Portland wholesale merchants are his heaviest creditors.

Milo Hildreth, aged 60, a member of the firm of Milo Hildreth & Co., tortoise shell combs, of Northboro, Mass., came to Portland Thursday night, and Friday morning died suddenly of heart disease, of which he had been subject some time.

Orin Cheney, a wealthy citizen of Wells, was arraigned in the Biddeford court, Thursday, charged with not suitably providing for his cattle. He pleaded not guilty and a date was assigned for a hearing.

Geo. E. Dole of Bangor, died Wednesday night of paralysis. He was a member of Governor Robie's staff, with the rank of major, and had a large circle of acquaintances in various parts of the State. He was 45 years old, and leaves a wife and three children.

Five of the rear cars on the 4 o'clock freight were derailed at Shaw's crossing, about a mile south of Pittsfield village, Monday night. All of the cars were badly demolished, and one was totally wrecked. Conductor Willey, who was in the saloon car, was injured, but not seriously.

Alfred L. Stipphen, of Pittston, was taken to Rockland, Saturday, by Fish and Game warden John L. Thompson, of Saco, on a charge of violating the fish law. The charge was committed near Dresden, and consisted in extending weirs into Eastern river more than one-fourth of the width of the channel. Stipphen was convicted, and sentenced to a fine of \$70, which he paid.

These patents have been granted: Nathaniel A. Sweet, Westbrook, till cover; Fred Pooler, Skowhegan, horse book; Ferdinand Moriarty, Bangor, cess-pool; Matthew B. Merrill and G. H. Lovell, Yarmouth, two patents on means for cooking canned goods and on soldering iron for cans. John P. Kelly, Saco, spindle; F. O. Babb & Co., Portland, harness for horses and other draft animals; Charles H. Cushman, Auburn, steam vaporizer.

Messrs. Olsen & Thompson, government contractors engaged to improve the channel in the vicinity of Dry Rock in the Kennebec, near Richmond, commenced operations last Monday. They have steam sloop, with the necessary drills, hoisting apparatus, etc., on the spot, and will probably make short work of the rock which has so long obstructed navigation. Its removal will be appreciated by river pilots and schooner captains.

The new Postmasters appointed for Maine are: Theron E. Doe, China, vice F. O. Brainerd; Asa L. Grant, Corinna, vice W. L. Burrill; Wm. Harris, North Dixmont, vice Carrie M. Kimball; Albert Smith, Oakland, vice H. H. Gerrish; Madison Tracy, Stacyville, vice Silas R. Mitchell; N. D. Dyer, Lagrange, D. F. Cluff, Cape Porpoise, A. P. Croxford, North Newburgh, C. G. White, Dixmont Center, vice Henry Hawes; G. F. Wing, Manchester, vice A. M. Bowman; W. D. Kilgore, North Newry, vice Mrs. M. C. Goodwin.

An extremely unfortunate affair followed a dance at Camden, Friday night. Among the participants was a young man named John Sanborn, of Thomaston, who, returning at a late hour with a friend named Gregory, decided to spend the night at the latter's house in Glen Cove. While in the chamber Sanborn picked up a revolver, thinking it unloaded, and began pulling the trigger, looking into the barrel at the same time. The weapon was a self-cocker, and one chamber proved to be loaded. This was discharged, the bullet passing into Sanborn's chest. The jugular vein was severed, and the victim bled to death in a few moments. Sanborn was 21 years old and married.

Perry Farrington of Locke's Mills, Paris, while looking over his horses which were in the pasture, undertook to lead them away, when one got mad and went for him. Farrington was knocking him down, the horse placed his knees on his stomach and bit him terribly. One arm was mangled badly, and he was bitten on the other, and also on both legs and on his cheek. Mr. Farrington, however, succeeded in checking the horse off, and regained his feet. Then the horse rushed for him again. Fortunately, Mr. Farrington threw a large stone which struck the horse in the forehead, knocking him down, and Mr. Farrington made his escape. It was a narrow escape from death, as Mr. Farrington said he could not have stood it a minute longer. As it is, he is confined to his bed, and is in a very bad condition.

The examination of classes and graduation of the second class of 1893 at the State Normal School, Gorham, will follow on June 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st. Following are the names of the classes: First, Gertrude Andrews, Warren; Eva S. Bassick, South Thomaston; Grace I. Bolton, White Rock; Isabelle F. Bryant, Biddeford; Isabelle H. Christie, Limington; Dora Clark, Clark's Mills; Jessie Doring, Perry; Julia L. Frank, Gray; Estelle Freeze, Deering Center; Olive Geyer, Friendship; Annie H. Hall, Sheepscot Bridge; Annie B. Hanson, Machias; Della F. Hill, Saco; Winnifred Hilton, Solon; Alice L. Johnson, Stroudwater; Eva L. Jordan, Old Orchard; Emma O. Kilby, Freeport; Katherine M. Kneeland, Seaboard; Albion Libby, North Scarborough; Eliza A. Lindsey, Reed's Ferry; Cora L. Lord, South Berwick; Bernice S. Meserve, Machias; Bulma M. Morgan, Sherman Mills; Fannie M. Moulton, Bath; Lena Peterson, Scarborough; Agnes R. Plummer, Westbrook; Elizabeth Prindall, Brunswick; Laura J. Roberts, West Scarborough; Grace A. Smith, Woodfords; Lulu A. Towner, Fairfield Center; C. Belle Varney, Hallowell; Hattie White, Leeds Center.

"La Dyonnaise," the guillotine which did bloody work during the first French revolution, Marie Antoinette being one of its victims, is now on exhibition at the world's fair.

There are a few people left

who still follow antiquated methods of raising bread, biscuit, cake and pastry with home-made mixtures of what they suppose to be cream of tartar and soda, compounded haphazard,

but there are very few

The best housekeepers use the Royal Baking Powder instead. Its scientific composition insures uniform results. By its use alone can the finest flavored, most wholesome food be produced. To any housekeeper who has not used the Royal Baking Powder we would like to send our Cook Book, free. Mark your request "For instruction."

Royal Baking Powder Company,
106 Wall Street, New-York.

Bowdoin College.

The programme of commencement week at Bowdoin College will be as follows:

SUNDAY, JUNE 18.
The Baccalaureate Service by the President in the Congregational church at 4 P. M.

MONDAY, JUNE 19.
The Junior Prize Declaration in Memorial Hall, at 8 P. M.

TUESDAY, JUNE 20.
The Class Day exercises of the graduating class in Memorial Hall, at 10 A. M. and under the Thorndike Oak at 3 P. M. Promenade concert in the evening.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21.
The Graduation Exercises of the Medical School of Maine in Memorial Hall at 9 A. M. The annual address will be delivered by Prof. Henry L. Chapman, D. D. of Brunswick.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22.
The annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity in Adams Hall, at 11 A. M.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23.
The annual meeting of the Maine Historical Society in Cleveland Lecture Room at 11:30 A. M. and 2 P. M.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT in the Town Hall at 8 P. M.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22.
The annual meeting of the Alumni in Adams Hall, at 9 A. M.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23.
The Commencement Exercises in the Congregational church at 10:30 A. M. followed by Commencement Dinner in the Gymnasium.

RECEPTION by the President and Mrs. Hyde, in Memorial Hall, from 3 to 10 P. M.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23.
The examination of candidates for admission to the college, at Cleveland Lecture Room, Massachusetts Hall, at 5:30 A. M.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT BATES.

June 21-24—Examinations. Committee on college examinations, E. C. Adams, A. M., W. E. Baugher, A. M., H. S. Crowell, A. M., W. H. Judkins, A. M., Committee of Divinity School examinations, Rev. J. M. Bailey, D. D., Rev. H. Stacy, A. M., Rev. Dr. Sumner, D. D., Rev. Thomas Spooner, A. M., Rev. Dr. Wood, A. M., Rev. S. C. Whitcomb, Rev. H. C. Lowden, A. M.

June 25-10:30 A. M., baccalaureate exercises. Sermon by the President.

June 26-7:45 P. M., sermon before the Divinity School, by Rev. C. S. Perkins, A. M., of Dover, N. H.

June 26-2:30 P. M., sophomore prize debate, all campus. College team vs. Alumni team.

June 27-2:30 P. M., class day exercises, all campus. Annual meeting of the Alumni Association, 8 P. M. concert.

June 28-9 A. M., examination for admission to the college, at Cleveland Lecture Room, Massachusetts Hall, at 5:30 A. M.

June 29-2:30 P. M., annual meeting of the Divinity School, 7:45 P. M., literary exercises of the alumni. Orator, Rev. F. E. Emrick, A. M., Framingham, Mass.; poet, Miss Helen S. Merrill, Lisbon.

June 29-Thursday, 10 A. M., commencement.

June 30-8 P. M., President's reception to the graduating class.

Colby University.

The programme of commencement week is as follows: Sunday, June 25—Baccalaureate sermon by President Whitman at 10:30 A. M. at the Baptist church. Annual sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society and College Christian Association, by Rev. D. Burr of Boston, Mass., at 7:45 P. M. Monday, June 26—Junior exhibition of essays in the junior class at 2:30 P. M. on the campus; junior exhibition at 7:45 P. M. at the Baptist church, followed by concert at City Hall by Germania Band of Boston, under the auspices of the junior and senior classes. The concert is to be followed by ball. Tuesday, June 27—Class day exercises. At 10:30 A. M., at the church, all campus. Annual meeting of the Alumni Association in Memorial Hall at 2 P. M. In the evening at 7:45 P. M., an oration will be delivered in the church. The speaker not yet announced. Wednesday, June 28—Commencement day exercises of the graduating class, conferring degrees and presentation of diplomas; alumni dinner, noon; all campus. College team vs. Alumni team, on campus in the afternoon. Band concert by Germania Band on the campus in the evening, followed by the President's reception in Memorial Hall.

Nominations by the Governor.

The Governor has made the following nominations:

Inspector of Fish—Joseph W. Sheppard, Portland.

Justice for the County of Androscoggin—Albert W. Larrabee, Pownal.

Fish and Game Warden—D. F. Robinson, Orono; Edwin D. Bailey, Auburn; Bela I. Fowles, Orono; George W. Harriman, Bangor; John R. Bennett, Bangor; James P. Slatt, Mt. Vernon; W. R. Berry, Westbrook.

Trial Justice—Lincoln H. Newcomb, East Portland; Wallace C. Carleton, Melrose; William B. Brighton, Debois; Henry W. Palmer, East Portland.

Notaries Public—J. J. Larrabee, Portland; Sidney W. Jones, C. H. Frisbie, Portland; Boothby Harbor; Edwin C. Townsend, Freeport; Charles L. Hutchinson, Portland; N. H. Kelley, Saco; C. W. Westcott, Belfast.

RACE AGAINST TIME.

Great interest was taken in the relay bicycle race from Bangor to Portland on Saturday. Precisely at 6 o'clock Director G. L. Meylan of the Young Men's Christian Association gymnasium said "go," and Mr. William Veazie, with his machine at racing weight, started off at a lively rate of speed. The following was the message borne by the bicyclers:

The Bangor Young Men's Christian Association sends greetings to the Portland Association with the hope that its benevolent spirit may accomplish a building well equipped for its physical, social, intellectual and spiritual uplifting of its young men.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

To Waterville five miles from Bangor to Waterville was covered by five riders. The distance was covered in four hours and twenty-eight minutes. Three relay teams of the Waterville Bicycle Club went to Augusta, arriving at noon. From Augusta to Gardiner the time was 30 minutes. At this point the riders were 51 minutes ahead of schedule time. And so along the route fresh men took the message (18 in all), and it was delivered at the rooms of the Portland Y. M. C. A. at 5 o'clock and 5 seconds P. M., covering the 45 miles in 11 hours and 5 seconds, being an hour less than the schedule time.

Jennie, the last of the famous tribe of Rogue river Indians, died at Jacksonville, Ore., the other day. She had anticipated her death by preparing with her own hands a buckskin burial robe, ornamented with beads, shells, transparent pebbles, etc., to an extent that brought the weight of the queer looking shroud up to nearly fifty pounds.

A Toronto man has been given five years in the penitentiary for using cleaned postage stamps.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Nine persons were baptized at the Essex street Free Baptist church, Bangor, Sunday of last week, and eleven added to the church, five men and six ladies.

At a recent meeting of the stewards of the Methodist Episcopal church, Skowhegan, the reports showed that \$2000 had been expended the past year. Of this, \$1500 was for pastor's salary and church expenses, about \$300 for missionary purposes, and a tabernacle was built at the North Anson campmeeting grounds, costing over \$500. The church membership at the present time is about 170.

The Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends in New England opened at Portland, the evening of the 8th inst., continuing one week. Dr. Young of Ohio will be present, and other eminent ministers of the denomination. Gilbert Farr, who is at the head of a mission in Jamaica, one of the West India Islands, supported by the Iowa Yearly Meeting, is also expected to be present.

Harry W. Kimball, a student at Andover Theological Seminary, son of Dr. Carlton Kimball of Portland, has received an appointment from the Maine Missionary Society, and will supply the pulpit of the Congregational church at Standish and Sebago Lake during the summer vacation.

It is announced that the Free street Baptist church, Portland, has extended a call to Rev. Mr. Sampson of Buffalo, N. Y., and that Mr. Sampson has accepted the call. He has preached in the Free street pulpit once since the vacancy caused by the election of Mr. Whitman to the presidency of Colby University.

The Universalist State convention opened at Bath, Tuesday, with an unusually large attendance. The convention was called to order by the President at 10 o'clock. A hearty address of welcome was made by Hon. Jos. M. Hayes of Bath, the response being by the president, W. W. Stetson, Auburn: Miscellaneous of song followed. Tuesday forenoon's sermon was by Rev. H. R. Rose of Auburn. An interesting programme for the afternoon and evening included sermons, addresses, a business meeting, etc.

The 67th annual conference of the Congregational churches of Maine will meet with the First Parish church in Brunswick, June 27-29.

BRUNSWICK LOCALS.

Lincoln Colby, aged 18 years, formerly of Westport, was drowned at Garnet bridge Saturday. With another young man he was in a boat, and in attempting to pass under the bridge where the tide runs rapidly, their boat was upset. Colby sank immediately, while the other young man clung to the boat, and his cry for help attracted the attention of men on the shore, who procured another boat and rescued him from a watery grave.

Mrs. Livonia Stone, aged 70 years, died at Somerville, Mass. last week. She was a native of Anson, Me., and a daughter of the late Wm. H. Hall, Esq.

Mr. John Murray, a farmer residing on the Portland road, had a severe shock of paralysis Saturday.

Oscar Williams, for many years conductor on the Bangor and Kennebec of the Maine Central railroad, is very sick.

The heavy rain three weeks since delayed planting by our farmers, but we are now having fine growing weather. Apple trees have blossomed full, and grass looks well.

Memorial Day at South China.

A bright sun and clear sky ushered in Memorial Day, which seemed to be an exception to the rule, for it has been several years since the day has passed without more or less rain. The members of J. P. Jones Post, G. A. R., and of the Relief Corps gathered early at their hall to make preparation for the day's exercises. This is necessary as several cemeteries have to be visited, making a distance of more than a dozen miles to go. The members of the Post, accompanied by the Sons of Veterans in teams, made a tour of the cemeteries in distant parts of the town, decorating with flowers the graves of their fallen comrades, while the ladies of the Relief Corps gathered early at the hall for their own turn.

After dinner they again fell into line, and followed by the ladies and citizens, generally, marched to the cemetery near by, and went through with the impressive memorial ceremony of the organization. Good and appropriate music was furnished by a Drum Corps, assisted by the exercises by calling upon the Adjutant to read general orders; then came music by a very fine quartette, after which Commander Burns introduced N. H. Fossett, Esq., of Riverside, as Orator of the day, who, with staidness and authority, delivered an address of great interest and value. He held the large audience spell-bound as it were, from the beginning to the close of his oration. Patriotic music by the quartette.

Commander Burns introduced Mrs. N. H. Fossett, wife of the talented speaker. Mrs. Fossett then came forward and read a fine essay on "Woman," and she handled it in such a manner that rounds of applause greeted her throughout. Closing with music from the Drum Corps, followed by the quartette, Decoration day of '93 passed into history, and will long be remembered by the J. P. Jones Post of South China.

East Hebron Grange has a membership of ninety. Its fine new hall is a credit to its zeal and its perseverance. Meetings are held twice a month. At its last regular meeting a lecture was given by Z. A. Gilbert, subject, "What the Grange is Doing and What It May Do."

MAINE STATE BOARD OF TRADE.

Organization of a Bureau of Statistics and Information as to Maine's Resources and Advantages.

The Maine State Board of Trade at its recent semi-annual session in Skowhegan, elected Messrs. M. N. Rich of Portland, E. M. Blanding of Bangor, A. C. Sibley of Belfast, W. W. Stetson of Auburn, and A. S. Bangs of Augusta, a Bureau of Statistics to collect and compile information as to Maine's resources and advantages. The members of the Bureau have recently met in conference and perfected an organization by the election of M. N. Rich as Chairman, and E. M. Blanding, Secretary. Assignments of subjects were also made. Mr. A. C. Sibley, President of the Belfast Board of Trade, having Agriculture as his subject, which he has arranged in the following sub-divisions:

1. FARMING LANDS AVAILABLE.

2. DAIRYING. Butter, cheese, and condensed milk factories. Milk—breed of cows best, care and feed of cows, quality, quality, sold as milk and sold as cream.

3. CANNING OR PRESERVING OF FARM PRODUCTS. In factories, private or neighborhood, and kinds which pay best. Indirect results—fodder, skim milk, and labor employed.

4. ORCHARDS. Kinds of apples best sellers, cider or vinegar, evaporated apples, pears.

5. POTATOES. Marketable, for starch, seed, and new kinds.

6. GRAINS AND BEANS. Amount exported from State, amount imported into State, best kinds to produce and comparative yield—Maine—West.

7. MARKET GARDENING.

8. WOOD. Cord wood, kiln wood, spars and small poles, telegraph poles, vessel knees, R. R. ties, veneers, miscellaneous, Christmas trees, and maple sugar and syrup.

9. HAY. Should not be sold unless replaced by better. Some yields, and amount exported from State.

10. SHEEP. Large flocks—a specialty—small flocks, kinds, best, yield of wool, lambs, mutton and pelts.

11. HORSES. High bred, and carriage or for sale.

12. POULTRY, HENS, GESEES AND TURKEYS. Large flocks—incubators—small flocks, eggs (held by neighborhoods or Granges), chickens (broilers) and poultry (game).

13. CATTLE. Working oxen, milk cows, beef and calves.

14. HOGS. Specialty, kinds, growth, and incidental to using waste material.

15. BEES. Care and feed, kinds and honey sold, strained and combed.

16. MISCELLANEOUS. Farming machinery, and fertilizers, educational facilities, newspapers, etc.

Now, let the farmers of the State render all the aid possible in the work, by sending the information asked for to Mr. A. Cutter Sibley, Belfast, Me.

Other subjects are as follows:

M. N. Rich, Portland: Natural Resources—Granite, Slate, Ice, Lime, Brick, Forest, Climate, Scenery, Summer Resorts, Mineral Springs, Sea and Inland Fisheries.

A. S. Bangs of Augusta and E. M. Blanding of Bangor: Manufactures—Facilities, Water Power, Transportation and Labor, Pulp and Paper, Boots and Shoes, Textiles, Lumber, Wood Products, Manufactures of Iron, Clothing, Starch, Carriages, Agricultural Implements, Proprietary Medicines, Ship Building, and Diversified Industries.

W. W. Stetson, Auburn: Miscellaneous—Facilities for Travel, Men and Education, Nationality and Character of Population, Needed Steam, Electric and Carriage Roads, Needs of Maine Generally.

In order that the best results may be attained, and that the benefits accruing therefrom may be as far-reaching as possible, it is desirable that the members of the Bureau of the State Board have not only the active cooperation of officials and members of the various boards of trade throughout the State, but also the earnest aid and zealous support of every citizen of Maine, who has at heart the promotion of the State's best interests.

And in this important work the press of the State can exercise a very potential influence. Let us see to it as loyal sons of Maine that our grand old commonwealth, true to the motto on her shield, takes her rightful place in the sisterhood of States.

TIN PLATE SMUGGLERS.

A scheme for defrauding the United States government of revenue for imported tin was unearthed on Thursday, by Special Customs Inspector T. R. Simonton, at Eastport. Mr. Simonton has been working on the case for the past week and has been awaiting the arrival of the schooner Eva L. at Eastport, which was supposed to be loaded with tin plate.

Mr. Simonton put into that port and as soon as it had anchored Inspector Simonton boarded the vessel. He accused Captain Holland of smuggling dutiable tin into the United States, and he was paying any revenue on it, and then he proceeded to make an investigation. He discovered 200 cases of tin plate upon which no duty had been paid and which was valued at over \$1,000. The merchandise had been smuggled across the St. Croix river into Eastport from Beaver Harbor, N. B. The tin is used chiefly by the manufacturers of sardine boxes, in Eastport. As the duty on tin is high the manufacturers reaped a good harvest in profits by smuggling the plates into the city. The Treasury officials are of the opinion that the illegal importation of tin has been in operation for some time and that the government has been defrauded of thousands of dollars. Inspector Simonton seized the tin and notified Collector Curran of the port, who placed his inspectors in charge of the schooner until unloaded and sold by the government. There are a number of people implicated in the smuggling, and it is probable that the developments will result in some arrests being made by the Customs officials.

FIRE IN MAINE.

The farm buildings of Irving Favor of Limerick were destroyed by fire, Wednesday night, June 7, 1893; insured for \$1500.

Fire Rock Le Roi Lodge, in Brookline, the summer cottage of Miss Beulah, the authoress and actress, was totally destroyed by fire, last week. Some unpublished manuscripts were lost. The dwelling house, all and stable of Fred A. Lynch, in Medway, were burned last Friday morning. There was no one in the house except Mrs. Lynch and her child barely escaped with their lives. Nothing was saved. The loss is about \$2000. Partly insured.

If you own a ton of diamonds you can calculate on being worth \$85,000,000 but don't let the assessors get wind of it.



Mr. Chas. N. Haver

Of Frederick, Md., suffered terribly for over ten years with abscesses and running sores on his left leg. He wasted away, grew weak and thin, and was obliged to use a cane and crutch. Everything which could be thought of was done without good result, until he began taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which effected a perfect cure. Mr. Haver is now in the best of health. Full particulars of his case will be sent to you on request.

C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

Men of Sense and Judgment

When they purchase clothing demand that the garments shall be good in make, style, fit and material.

They know that below a certain price it is not economy to go. That when goods are offered at an extremely low price, it is evidence that the goods are counterfeit.

We keep clothing that will satisfy the judgment of men of sense.

Clothing that we can recommend and that will give satisfaction to the wearer.

We not only keep this class of goods, but the assortment is so extensive that all can be suited.

Come and see how good an article you can purchase at a reasonable price.

C. H. Nason,

THE ONE PRICE CLOTHIER,

1 and 2 Allen's Building,

AUGUSTA, ME.

SOFT

white hands and skin are secured only by using good toilet soap made from pure materials, so combined that there is no excess of alkali to irritate and chafe the skin. Such toilet soaps may be found at the old reliable Drug Store of CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE. His is a very desirable, and he has the largest assortment in the State of elegant soaps of American and foreign manufacture, for the toilet. Not a single kind is left.

SOAP

but all hard and good, thoroughly seasoned by age, which always improves fine soaps. Mr. Partridge makes a specialty of fine toilet soaps at low prices to bring them within reach of everybody's purse and encourage cleanliness, which is next to Godliness. Though he does not give away such soaps, his prices are the lowest hand paid for these and all other goods in the apothecary line, and everything is going to PARTRIDGE'S DRUG STORE, open Post Office, to buy hard, sweet-scented toilet soaps, rather than accept soft soap from other dealers.

GRATIS!

A choice summer Toilet Soap for 5 cents.

Meadow King Mower.

Ever Reliable—Durable—Light Draft. With the improvements make it the most desirable Mower for farmers' use in the market.

FULL LINE OF REPAIRS IN STOCK.

In localities where there is no agent, Address,

FRED ATWOOD,

WINTERPORT, ME.,

General Agent for New England.

Nerve Tonic

Blood Builder

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

Send for descriptive pamphlet.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y., and Brockville, Ont.

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.
YOU AND I.

BY E. G. JONES, M. D.

We are sailing down the stream of time, both you and I together,
Gliding along we know not where, drifting
We know not whither;
At times the boat seems near the shore, and
We seem to hear the boatman,
But the sound grows faint, it dies away, and
We're drifting, drifting onward.

We've had our share of the joys of life,
But the pleasures were mixed with alloy;
We've had our share of sorrow and care,
And the tears that we shed were not vain;
We have toiled for others to win;
And the flowers we loved and cherished the most
Will blossom when we are gone.

We have learned some things, and we've
Learned them well;
There's one thing you can never tell,
If your friend will be a friend indeed,
And help in the hour of need,
The world has no use for an honest man, if
Poor he happens to be.

You have got to get rich and get it yourself,
Or win it from somebody else.
You may toil and spin but you never can
Win
The prize that you covet the most;
It will be always your fate to just too late,
While another will gather it in.

I'll tell you the way to a maiden's heart—
To wound her with words and with love;
You must worry and tease, you must flatter
And give her a half of the earth.
You don't need any brains, you don't need
Any sense,
But you've got to have dollars and cents.

The churches were made to worship in, so
We've read, and it will be so;
But whoever heeds the admonition church
They have carpeted floor and cushioned seats,
And praying stools so soft,
So the rich can worship God with ease,
While the poor can do as they must stay in
Their place.

Outside by the door, sit down on the floor,
Be contented with that, and no more.
I have thought it all over, and it puzzles me
How
For Lazarus, sore can open the door,
Then where will the rich man be?

Our Story Teller.

THE DOCTOR'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.

"Why don't you make 'em pay?" cried Sophronia in a pretty passion, and twirling the end of her apron strings savagely in her fingers.

"Make 'em pay? La! who could?" exclaimed her mother. "How silly you talk, Phrony; who ever heard of a country doctor dunning folks?"

"Well, and who supposes a country doctor is going to slave year-in and year-out, riding over country in all kinds of weather in a gig, and out as himself, getting up at unearthly hours, and dosing dainty old women and cranky babies, all for the sake of a cold, 'Thank you, say'—demanded the girl, in a heat.

"Who supposes? Why, everybody," said her mother, with a short, unpleasant laugh. "It's always been so, and it always will be. The doctor is the last one paid, if he ever is; then he's lucky if he don't have to take off a lot from his bill."

"And act like a beggar girl of a penny thrown to him," exploded the doctor's daughter. "I wouldn't answer their calls and be at their beck and nod."

"Oh you can't do that," said her mother, with the easy resignation of one who long ago has given up struggling with fate, "you can't pick and choose between your patients, for it's the richest ones that pay best, and the round folks forget, Phrony, that they've been sick, when they're up around. It's natural. I've been all over it time and again, with your pa, and he don't see no help for it, no more do I."

"Pa is so easy," said Sophronia. "He'd laugh and tell stories with old Judge Bennett just the same as if he hadn't wanted a year to see his money. And just think how he carried the judge all those that fever when every one said he must die."

"Your pa's a thorow doctor, and he's got a conscience, too," said her mother, with commendable pride. "I'd no but what I'd be lieve him to be that way, as to carry the now, the old judge does, with all his money."

"Well, I sh'd like more money," declared Sophronia, walking off discontentedly to the window and gazing out.

"I'm free to confess that I should, too," said her mother, and the round face lengthened to allow anxious lines to come on its surface, "but it's for your pa that I want it, Phrony, and as she spoke she abruptly thrust her needle in the sheet she was turning, and on the table, and deserting it came over to Sophronia at the window.

"I'd no but what he's breaking down," she whispered, as if afraid to hear her own voice. "He's got so he don't sleep nights."

"Oh, ma," cried the girl, with a chill at her heart.

"Yes—and he worries 'cause you know, there's the mortgage and some other things that we owe—the blue eyes looked anxiously into the younger brown ones.

"There wouldn't be," cried Sophronia, passionately, and turning away from the window, "if he was only paid what is his due."

"Well, but he isn't; so what's the use in talking?" broke in the older woman.

"And your pa worries over his cases, too, and because he can't lay up anything for his family—and I don't know what he don't worry over, I'm most as nervous as he is, and then the next morning, up he has to fly, and work like a dog till night again."

Sophronia stood quite still. The doctor's wife went on:

"Sometimes I don't know but what I ought to take summer boarders, and help him out."

"Mother!"

"Yes; 'tisn't a pleasant thing to do, to be sure, city folks are so stuck up, and they all want room with them, and they don't like pie, and I sh'd get fretted 'most to death every day of my life, I s'pose—but for all that, I'd no but what it's my duty to do it." She heaved a sigh, as if this were a drop too much, and lapsed into silence.

Sophronia rushed from the room, feeling as if every prospective summer boarder was after her, and never stopping till her own room was reached, nevertheless had made the long flight over the stairs to be stung into new misery by the thoughts; "Why don't I, the doctor's eldest daughter, do something to help my father?"

"What can I do, pray tell!" cried she turned on herself when with the door closed and locked, she could be alone with her fright and grief into which the mere mention of her father's failing health had plunged her.

"Not the least thing in the world am I good for," she cried her brown eyes filled with angry tears. "Teach school, I guess so. The idea! I've never touched a piano, so I can't exactly give music lessons. Of course I don't know how to embroider, nor to paint. If I'd been a city girl, there might be a chance now to help save pa; but country girls can't do anything. Oh, oh, oh! to think just an hour ago I was feeling because I couldn't make presents at Christmas just like other girls! and now—oh, pa!"

The girl flung herself in an agony of tears down by her little white bed, to sob out, remorse, sorrow, shame and the nameless emotions that overburdened her young heart.

"Phrony," called a shrill, childish treble, "I want to come in."

The last being a smart rap of small boot-heels on the base of the door, the eldest daughter jumped up from her knees, and made haste to turn the key.

"You needn't break the door down, Abby," she said, a bit crossly.

"Why, I didn't break the door," said a small child in a dingy brown dress, a crop of short, dingy brown hair to match, and a thin, sallow face, and dropping to her knees, she examined the door carefully where the boots had been applied.

"No; not a single weasel, teentest break has it got. Oh, Sophronia Tucker, you're out of your head. Where d'ye s'pose you'll go to when you're old?"

"Shut up from my knees, and rubbing her hands, which were also brown and grimy, on her long suffering dress, surveyed her sister in virtuous silence.

"You ridiculous child!" exclaimed Sophronia. "What do you want? You come in and shut the door."

"I'm coming," Abby advanced, and carefully closing the door, suddenly whirled around and walked up to the eldest daughter. "I'm all tired up," she said.

"I should think you were," cried Sophronia, seizing the flapping end of the black breadth thus presented to her. "No need to tell of it. Mercy! what a sight!"

"At the gown, seemed to shrink away from her examining fingers, into a multitude of little catcomered, zigzag rents, as if each were saying, 'don't scold me; I'm very small.'"

"Now, Abby Tucker, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Who do you suppose is going to mend this horrible dress—say?"

"Why, you," said Abby turning around to survey her sister out of astonished eyes. "Don't feel bad, Phrony, you can do it real good," she added, pleasantly.

"Of course I've got to do it," said Sophronia, with a twitch that sent Abby back again. "Do stand still."

"You asked who'd do it?" said Abby. "Well, never mind; oh, dear me, it will take a whole morning to make this dress decent; a whole morning, Abby Tucker. How did you tear it?"

"I was over at Jimmy Hine's, and we were looking at his pigs, and—and it tore," said Abby, bringing up suddenly. "For? Well, the pigs couldn't have torn it. What were you doing?"

Sophronia, getting up for her work basket.

"Looking at the pigs," said Abby in a shrill and decided crescendo. "I told you once."

"Abby Tucker," said her sister, bringing the basket and two or three pins from the cushion, "I don't tell me how you tore that dress, I shall just hand you over to ma. You'd better go to worry her, you know."

The brown eyes looking down into the little sallow face, were so uncompromising that the child burst out, nervously twisting her fingers, "I did tell you."

"You did not," said Sophronia, sitting down and beginning to pin several things together. "Be quick now."

"Me and Jimmy were on the fence—and—and—he said I couldn't jump down as quick as he could, and a horrible bad old man caught me, and—Mr. Hine ought to be ashamed to have such a niece."

"And act like a beggar girl of a penny thrown to him," exploded the doctor's daughter. "I wouldn't answer their calls and be at their beck and nod."

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"Pa is so easy," said Sophronia. "He'd laugh and tell stories with old Judge Bennett just the same as if he hadn't wanted a year to see his money. And just think how he carried the judge all those that fever when every one said he must die."

"Your pa's a thorow doctor, and he's got a conscience, too," said her mother, with commendable pride. "I'd no but what I'd be lieve him to be that way, as to carry the now, the old judge does, with all his money."

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"Well, I sh'd like more money," declared Sophronia, walking off discontentedly to the window and gazing out.

"I'm free to confess that I should, too," said her mother, and the round face lengthened to allow anxious lines to come on its surface, "but it's for your pa that I want it, Phrony, and as she spoke she abruptly thrust her needle in the sheet she was turning, and on the table, and deserting it came over to Sophronia at the window.

"I'd no but what he's breaking down," she whispered, as if afraid to hear her own voice. "He's got so he don't sleep nights."

"Oh, ma," cried the girl, with a chill at her heart.

"Yes—and he worries 'cause you know, there's the mortgage and some other things that we owe—the blue eyes looked anxiously into the younger brown ones.

"There wouldn't be," cried Sophronia, passionately, and turning away from the window, "if he was only paid what is his due."

"Well, but he isn't; so what's the use in talking?" broke in the older woman.

"And your pa worries over his cases, too, and because he can't lay up anything for his family—and I don't know what he don't worry over, I'm most as nervous as he is, and then the next morning, up he has to fly, and work like a dog till night again."

Sophronia stood quite still. The doctor's wife went on:

"Sometimes I don't know but what I ought to take summer boarders, and help him out."

"Mother!"

"Yes; 'tisn't a pleasant thing to do, to be sure, city folks are so stuck up, and they all want room with them, and they don't like pie, and I sh'd get fretted 'most to death every day of my life, I s'pose—but for all that, I'd no but what it's my duty to do it." She heaved a sigh, as if this were a drop too much, and lapsed into silence.

Sophronia rushed from the room, feeling as if every prospective summer boarder was after her, and never stopping till her own room was reached, nevertheless had made the long flight over the stairs to be stung into new misery by the thoughts; "Why don't I, the doctor's eldest daughter, do something to help my father?"

"What can I do, pray tell!" cried she turned on herself when with the door closed and locked, she could be alone with her fright and grief into which the mere mention of her father's failing health had plunged her.

"Not the least thing in the world am I good for," she cried her brown eyes filled with angry tears. "Teach school, I guess so. The idea! I've never touched a piano, so I can't exactly give music lessons. Of course I don't know how to embroider, nor to paint. If I'd been a city girl, there might be a chance now to help save pa; but country girls can't do anything. Oh, oh, oh! to think just an hour ago I was feeling because I couldn't make presents at Christmas just like other girls! and now—oh, pa!"

The girl flung herself in an agony of tears down by her little white bed, to sob out, remorse, sorrow, shame and the nameless emotions that overburdened her young heart.

"Phrony," called a shrill, childish treble, "I want to come in."

The last being a smart rap of small boot-heels on the base of the door, the eldest daughter jumped up from her knees, and made haste to turn the key.

"You needn't break the door down, Abby," she said, a bit crossly.

"Why, I didn't break the door," said a small child in a dingy brown dress, a crop of short, dingy brown hair to match, and a thin, sallow face, and dropping to her knees, she examined the door carefully where the boots had been applied.

"No; not a single weasel, teentest break has it got. Oh, Sophronia Tucker, you're out of your head. Where d'ye s'pose you'll go to when you're old?"

"Shut up from my knees, and rubbing her hands, which were also brown and grimy, on her long suffering dress, surveyed her sister in virtuous silence.

"You ridiculous child!" exclaimed Sophronia. "What do you want? You come in and shut the door."

"I'm coming," Abby advanced, and carefully closing the door, suddenly whirled around and walked up to the eldest daughter. "I'm all tired up," she said.

"I should think you were," cried Sophronia, seizing the flapping end of the black breadth thus presented to her. "No need to tell of it. Mercy! what a sight!"

"At the gown, seemed to shrink away from her examining fingers, into a multitude of little catcomered, zigzag rents, as if each were saying, 'don't scold me; I'm very small.'"

"Now, Abby Tucker, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Who do you suppose is going to mend this horrible dress—say?"

"Why, you," said Abby turning around to survey her sister out of astonished eyes. "Don't feel bad, Phrony, you can do it real good," she added, pleasantly.

"Of course I've got to do it," said Sophronia, with a twitch that sent Abby back again. "Do stand still."

"You asked who'd do it?" said Abby. "Well, never mind; oh, dear me, it will take a whole morning to make this dress decent; a whole morning, Abby Tucker. How did you tear it?"

"I was over at Jimmy Hine's, and we were looking at his pigs, and—and it tore," said Abby, bringing up suddenly. "For? Well, the pigs couldn't have torn it. What were you doing?"

Sophronia, getting up for her work basket.

"Looking at the pigs," said Abby in a shrill and decided crescendo. "I told you once."

"Abby Tucker," said her sister, bringing the basket and two or three pins from the cushion, "I don't tell me how you tore that dress, I shall just hand you over to ma. You'd better go to worry her, you know."

The brown eyes looking down into the little sallow face, were so uncompromising that the child burst out, nervously twisting her fingers, "I did tell you."

"You did not," said Sophronia, sitting down and beginning to pin several things together. "Be quick now."

"Me and Jimmy were on the fence—and—and—he said I couldn't jump down as quick as he could, and a horrible bad old man caught me, and—Mr. Hine ought to be ashamed to have such a niece."

"And act like a beggar girl of a penny thrown to him," exploded the doctor's daughter. "I wouldn't answer their calls and be at their beck and nod."

"Oh you can't do that," said her mother, with the easy resignation of one who long ago has given up struggling with fate, "you can't pick and choose between your patients, for it's the richest ones that pay best, and the round folks forget, Phrony, that they've been sick, when they're up around. It's natural. I've been all over it time and again, with your pa, and he don't see no help for it, no more do I."

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ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

It is reported that Georgia's yield of watermelons this year will amount to 30,000 acres. Some one should get up a corner in Jamaica ginger.

Strongly Endorsed.

The advertising of Hood's Sarsaparilla appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation. They tell the story—Hood's Cures.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation. A New York paper tells us there is enough lace owned by New York women to buy the earth were it up for sale.

Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., was for years a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief until she began to take Ayer's Pills, since which time she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

A miller 94 years old is living near Versailles, Ky., in an old water mill that he has been running continually for upward of 80 years. He started it before the war of 1812 and remained by it all through the civil war, scarcely knowing a war was in progress about him, the place is so secluded. He is hale and hearty, can shoulder a sack of grain or flour with ease, and his mind is clear and his life smooth-running as the creek he has lived by and listened to for four-score years.

"Adamson's Cough Balsam still continues to sell better with us than any other cough preparation; in fact, we sell more of it than all others together. It sells itself."

"J. W. Perkins & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Portland, Me." A Cartilage, Me., negro, Warren Hansford, has received a letter from Mrs. Hansford of Springfield, to whom he belonged in the

Horse Department.

TROTTER FOR 1893 IN MAINE.

Secretaries will confer a favor by sending names of horses as soon as appointed. Address: Trotting at Dexter, N. Y., August 14, 1893. Trotting at Fairfield, N. Y., August 15, 1893. Trotting at Pittsford, N. Y., August 16, 1893. Trotting at Lewiston, N. Y., August 17, 1893. Trotting at Hartland, N. Y., August 18, 1893. Trotting at Monroe, N. Y., August 19, 1893. Trotting at Augusta, N. Y., August 20, 1893. Trotting at Skowhegan, N. Y., August 21, 1893. Trotting at Crystal, N. Y., August 22, 1893. Trotting at Fairfield, N. Y., August 23, 1893. Trotting at Hartland, N. Y., August 24, 1893. Trotting at Monroe, N. Y., August 25, 1893. Trotting at Augusta, N. Y., August 26, 1893. Trotting at Skowhegan, N. Y., August 27, 1893. Trotting at Crystal, N. Y., August 28, 1893. Trotting at Fairfield, N. Y., August 29, 1893. Trotting at Hartland, N. Y., August 30, 1893. Trotting at Monroe, N. Y., August 31, 1893. Trotting at Augusta, N. Y., September 1, 1893. Trotting at Skowhegan, N. Y., September 2, 1893. Trotting at Crystal, N. Y., September 3, 1893. Trotting at Fairfield, N. Y., September 4, 1893. Trotting at Hartland, N. Y., September 5, 1893. Trotting at Monroe, N. Y., September 6, 1893. Trotting at Augusta, N. Y., September 7, 1893. Trotting at Skowhegan, N. Y., September 8, 1893. Trotting at Crystal, N. Y., September 9, 1893. Trotting at Fairfield, N. Y., September 10, 1893. Trotting at Hartland, N. Y., September 11, 1893. Trotting at Monroe, N. Y., September 12, 1893. Trotting at Augusta, N. Y., September 13, 1893. Trotting at Skowhegan, N. Y., September 14, 1893. Trotting at Crystal, N. Y., September 15, 1893. Trotting at Fairfield, N. Y., September 16, 1893. Trotting at Hartland, N. Y., September 17, 1893. Trotting at Monroe, N. Y., September 18, 1893. Trotting at Augusta, N. Y., September 19, 1893. Trotting at Skowhegan, N. Y., September 20, 1893. Trotting at Crystal, N. Y., September 21, 1893. Trotting at Fairfield, N. Y., September 22, 1893. 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est typed modern light driving horse. Justin Morgan, with all his innate and superb qualities, could not find favor among progressive breeders to-day, for his undersize would disqualify him for the market of the nineteenth century. One of the most brilliant performers yet produced, opportunity and appliances considered, was the champion Dexter, the brown gelding by Rysdyk's Hambletonian that stepped a mile at Buffalo, N. Y., August 14, 1887, in 2.17½, which performance stood the best on record until Goldsmith Maid broke the slate by trotting a mile in 2.14 at Boston, Mass., September 2, 1874. He was a fifteen-and-a-half hands horse, of sinewy limbs and great muscular power. When the grand old field marshal, Hiram Woodruff, looked him over for the first time he was captivated with the power and quality of his conformation, and predicted he would make the coming trotter. His ability to pull weight is shown in his wonderful two miles to wagon in 4.50½, and all kinds of going he was more than a match for his competitors. His purchase for \$33,000 and retirement to the stable of Robert Bonner as king of the road was the beginning of better prices for trotters. It would be futile to deny that the Morgans were under-sized horses, or that Flora Temple and other old-time celebrities were diminutive animals, yet if we take the list of really great performers we shall discover that size was not incompatible with speed. George M. Patchen 2.23½, was a large horse, and his big pounding stroke beat down the invincible queen, Flora Temple, in two mile races. Great Eastern was over seventeen hands, but his enormous size did not stop him from trotting in 2.18 to harness, or 2.15½ under the saddle. American Girl was over sixteen hands, yet she was rated a game race mare and reeled off a mile in 2.16½. Gloster was one of the Goliaths of the turf and hippodrome with Goldsmith Maid, and was reputed to possess ability to defeat the peerless queen, his record 2.17 being no measure of his speed. St. Julien was a magnificent sixteen hand gelding, whose size did not stop him from trotting in 2.11½. Lucy 2.18½, who performed second to Goldsmith Maid, was a large mare. If we come down to our modern turf champions we will find but few of original Morgan fourteen hand trotters. Nancy Hanks is not a large mare, but she is five inches higher than Justin Morgan, while her formidable rival this season is the big sixteen hand trotter Martha Wilkes 2.08. Maud S. 2.06½, that held the world's record for almost a decade, is a powerful animal over fifteen and three-quarter hands, and can pull a wagon like a locomotive. Sunol 2.06½, stands over sixteen hands, and the sensational Allerton 2.09½, and to wagon 2.15, is a powerfully moulded sixteen hand trotter. We might speak further of Stamboul 2.07½, champion stallion, Kremlin 2.07½, champion five-year-old, Nelson 2.10, and 2.11½ over a half mile track, Palo Alto 2.08½, Greenleaf 2.10½, and a score of others, illustrating that size is not incompatible with speed. We do not deny that many fast trotters have been small, but we believe the records warrant the assumption that it was not their size that gave them their marvelous turn of speed. The fashion has changed in regard to size in horses, and none can deny there is a stately grandeur in a horse of fine proportions, that is absent in one of diminutive size. There is a demand for public use of the one, while without the element of speed the other can hardly be given away. As speed comes in all shapes from the ungainly, coarse and vicious brute to the ideal model of the light harness horse, so also it is manifested in performers of all sizes. Speed is not a quality that can be transmitted with the uniformity that the equine is produced, because more than one animal that is bred specifically for speed out of twenty makes a trotter, the residue must be consigned to use where there is a demand for their type. If good sized and fine individual horses without speed sell better than small horses that are not performers, and if horses of marketable size inherit a high rate of speed with as much uniformity as undersized animals, of what use is there for breeders to invite financial loss by raising a class of horses for which there is no demand? Breed for that type with the certainty of extreme speed when the produce prove trotters that the fashion of the day demands, instead of breeding for speed alone, regardless of size, style and other fashionable qualities."

For the Maine Farmer. S. L. Adams, Mountain View Farm, West Gray, has a stud of fifteen horses, headed by the stallion George Moody Benson, sired by Gov. Benton, record 2.22½. This is a very handsome bay stallion, foaled June 28, 1886. "He has never been given a record, but has a perfect gait, and while being worked on the field, without boots, weights, chain rein or whip, showed better than a 2.40 clip." He has been very successful in the stud, and Mr. A. has engaged him for two seasons more. The 1150-lb. Percheron brood mare has a Benton colt by her side, besides which Mr. Adams has two brood mares by Harry Glenam, owned by Jas. E. Leighton, Gray; one out of a thoroughbred, and one from a Brandywine dam, a remarkably lively, courageous animal.

A. P. Morrill, Gray, has a Benton colt that last fall, as a yearling, took 1st premiums at Gray, New Gloucester and Cumberland, recording 95 points. A. P. Ayer, Windham, has one, same age, that took 1st premium at Windham, and 2d at Cumberland County Fair. J. T. Hancock, Gray Corner, has a remarkably nice one, good style and action, that shows a very powerful, fast gait. B. S. Benson, N. Windham, still has his old brood mare worked on a team, but capable of giving the best of them warm work when Mr. B. takes her onto the ice with the fast ones. She is 18 years old, sired by Tom B. Patchen, dam by Major Knox, his dam by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. From this mare Mr. B. has sold four colts, one when 4 years old for \$250, one at 3 years old for \$150, and two weanlings for \$75 each. He now has a

3-year-old filly from her, by a son of Geo. Wilkes, about 15 hands high, a nice made filly with good trotting action, which he expects to sell for \$200, and a filly by Col. West, foaled July 23d, 1892, very nearly 14 hands, another promising filly.

U. W. Chaplin, Gorham, has a 15-months-old filly, sired by an Island horse, weighing 1000 lbs., that stands 14½ hands and weighs nearly 900 lbs. Her dam is a Western mare, weighing about 1400 lbs.

J. S. Chaplin, Harrison, has the brood mare, Lady Fearnought, bred by David Nevins, Framingham, Mass. Her sire was Straightflush by Fearnought, Jr.; her dam was by Volunteer Boy. His dam was Martha, by Old Abdallah. Straightflush's dam was Maud, by the Warner horse, he by old Eaton. Maud's dam was by Kennebec Messenger; his dam by Bush Messenger. Lady Fearnought has a wagon race record of 2.55, trial 2.40, and has made a quarter mile in 38 seconds. From Lady Fearnought Mr. C. has bred three colts in as many years, by Maine Prince, and she is again bred to the same horse. The oldest colt, Fearnought Prince, is now owned by Dr. H. M. Moulton, Cumberland County. He last fall won the races at Cornish and Gorham, both in two straight heats, the only ones in which he was entered as a yearling. His half mile record was 1.30; trial 1.33, the last quarter in 44 seconds. He was trained and driven in these races by Mr. Chaplin. The yearling, Linwood, is entered to trot at Mystic, the State Fair and at the August Breeders' Meeting at the Oxford County Fair grounds. The weanling was foaled Apr. 18th, and Mr. Chaplin thinks is the most promising one of the lot.

E. K. Whitney, at Hillside Farm, Harrison, has fourteen horses and colts, including a remarkably fine looking weanling by Warren, out of a mare by Maine Prince; dam Ella Redwood, by Redwood. His Gideon mare, Kate Patchen, is soon to foal, by Rockefeller. As in Jersey stock, so in horses, the aim of the proprietor of Hillside Farm has been to have the best blood within his reach, and in accordance with this purpose he has patronized such horses as Imported Anfield, Tom Patchen, Redwood, Prescott, Gideon, Daniel Boone, Messenger Wilkes, Rockefeller, Maine Prince and Warren.

R. Burnell, Baldwin, has a 4-year-old gelding, sired by York's Knox, a fine looking young horse, weighing about 1200 lbs.

Poultry Department.

"If your neighbor's hens are troublesome, And steal across the way, Don't let your angry passions rise, But fix a place for them to lay."

Why are rooster's feathers so smooth? Because he always carries his comb with him.

R. W. Soule, formerly of Augusta, now Consul at Wauabashene, Canada, seems destined to astonish the natives in many ways, the latest being a successful attempt at producing two eggs in one day. The feat must create a lively demand for his Plymouth Rocks.

Feed chickens each hour during the day until they are a week old, after that, four to six times a day, will do. During incubation, give the hen whole grain so she can eat quickly, especially in cold weather. Fill a dust bin with ashes or dirt so the hen can dust a little every time she come off.

If the flocks and broods have ample runs through the fields and over the plowed ground, it will not be necessary to keep up the full supply of meat or grain. A light ration of cooked food in the morning, and another of oats or wheat at night, will be all that is necessary.

Take away all corn and corn meal, save for fattening. It will be a curse to the laying stock during the coming months.

Farmers and breeders make a great mistake in not providing a bountiful supply of dry earth—road dust—or of ground plaster. Both are valuable not only as absorbents, but as desodorizers and also as fertilizers. An abundance of either on the roosts and floors, supplied daily will do much to rid the premises of disease and vermin. Try one or the other in the poultry houses, as well as behind the cows. They will pay.

These are busy days on the farm. Seed time and harvest almost touch hands and every moment is precious, but he who neglects his chicks will hunger and thirst after eggs next winter. They must be fed, and that, too, at regular hours. Don't think it will do to set out a dish full of cooked food in the morning and leave the broods all day. There's no growth to be made that way. If you can't take time to feed at regular hours with good, sweet food, and in proper quantities, better patronize the chopping block now and stop the waste which will surely follow any attempt at making growth. As well throw dollars to the wind at once as to think of growing poultry at a profit on stale food and semi-occasional rations.

One of the most successful breeders of turkeys we know of never fed a crumb of boiled egg, but commences with stale bread crumbs, slightly mixed with new, fresh milk, giving them five or more feeds daily, but only in such quantities as they would eat up clear at every feed. On top of lettuce, chopped up fine and mixed with their food, was given, while an occasional seasoning of red (cayenne) pepper was supplied. They were treated to sweet milk for drinking purposes, and when they got some little age curd cheese was liberally supplied—and they are fond of it. There is as much in the care as in the feeding, and they must have the best of both to induce them to stay with us. Dampness and dew is fatal to young turkeys; the remedy suggests itself in a preventive.

There is no denying the fact that in years past color, shape and size of comb, and certain other non-essentials have been magnified until they have been set down as the chief points of excellence. These points have value to the fancier but not to the exclusion of form or pro-

ductiveness. As in the case of the Jerseys, men have been running wild after points of no vital importance. To-day the single test is the cream pot, and by that the butter cow is being measured. Something of size, color of tongue, switch, &c., have been lost perhaps, but in their places we have points of far greater value. Just so it is with our poultry, and the great want to-day is a revision of the standard, by which all pure bred stock is judged, so that the egg, or meat-form shall be made prominent. A breed is valuable only as its members contribute to the wealth of the owner. Let us have less fuss and worry about feathers, and more attention to the egg basket and the dressing capacity of the chickens.

DISINFECTING POOL PLACES.

The Boston Scientific News calls attention to the importance at this season of getting rid of all vile smells about dwellings, and makes this practical suggestion: the article commonly used to disinfect foul places is chloride of lime, but in reality it is not of much value. It may, and generally does, remove bad smells, but the cause still remains, as the chloride simply destroys the gaseous emanations. The much advertised disinfectants are usually catchpenny nostrums and unworthy of notice. One of the very best known disinfectants is old-fashioned "coppers," or sulphate of iron, which can be had very cheap. A barrel of coppers would probably weigh 300 pounds, and can be purchased at wholesale price at 1½ cents per pound. And every family ought, especially in warm weather, to have a supply of it on hand. A couple of handfuls of coppers thrown into a bucket of water will soon dissolve, and it can then be used freely, and is a valuable disinfectant. The best plan is to fill a half barrel or keg with water, and suspend within it a moderate sized basketful of coppers. In this way it dissolves more rapidly than when thrown to the bottom of the wooden vessel, and thus a supply is always at hand ready for use.—Southern Planter.

A POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

We had occasion to pass through one of the unpolluted streets of our city, not long since, and on our way came to a good-natured looking Irishman, very sparsely clad, leaning against the fence, and watching the antics of a flock of hens evidently just released from confinement. They were rushing back and forth, picking up the few kernels of corn tossed to them, and scanning the ground eagerly for additional luxuries.

"I mane the chicks shall find everything afeble there is on the ground wid lookin' for what I throw to them," the man remarked. "It's no time to waste anything whatever these days."

Encouraged by a few sympathizing sentences, he went on:

"I s'pose the neighbors wonder that I don't kill off every one of 'em; but I might better kill me ould cow, that's thrice for ye! It's but a thriffling the chickens cost me, above the scraps from the table, and little things the neighbors give me, and whin these fall, why I take a few of their eggs and go to the store and thrade them for a bit of corn. So, ye see, they pays their own way, and whatever is left over beyond that, why we gits the good of it in the house. Me wife often says, 'Pat, there's narry a thing about the house but ye might share, if ye gits that hard up, 'cept ye and the babies and chicks.' 'Right for ye, Katie,' says I; 'ye were always the most sensible o' yer sex, which ain't sayin' no great for ye.' I had more—I had a nice big flock, but I had to use them, and that's what makes me think so much o' the pesky brutes."

Pat smoked a few whiffs in silence, after which he related a chapter of experiences so touching as to draw the tears from a listener's eyes, at the same time that he must laugh at the speakers whimsical method of narration. To give the substance of his narrative, without his eccentricities of speech, he had found himself out of work a few months before, almost at the same time that sickness came upon three of his children. Two of them died, and the expenses soon used up the small amount that had been carefully saved against such a day of need. The third remained an invalid, and needed something in the way of proper diet.

Would the chickens do? Yes, if her stomach endured them. The stomach did endure them, and one after another was sacrificed with joy as she slowly came back again to life and strength. When he could leave his afflicted home, the poor man went here and there seeking little jobs, and thus securing the bare necessities of life for his family, while the little flock of fowls furnished for the invalid that nourishment which the father had no other means of procuring. In this manner they had pulled through comfortably until the father again obtained regular employment, and were never driven to the necessity of asking help at the cruel hand of charity.

"But it was the chicks 'at stood atween us an' beggin', and that's what makes me kind o' tender o' the few that's left," Pat added as he threw out the last grains of corn and entered the house.

"It isn't every poor man that can buy a cow," Pat very truthfully remarked, "but a man must be poorer than last year's barn-grass, that can't git a few chickens, and provide suthin' for 'em to ate."—Poultry World.

THE WAY SHE LOOKS troubles the woman who is delicate, run-down, or overworked. She's hollow-cheeked, dull-eyed, thin, and pale, and worries her. Now, the way to look well is to be well. And the way to be well, if you're any such woman, is to faithfully use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That is the only medicine that's guaranteed to build up woman's strength and to cure woman's ailments.

In every "female complaint," irregularity, or weakness, and in every exhausted condition of the female system—if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

There is only one medicine for Catarrh worthy the name. Dozens are advertised, but only the proprietors of Dr. Sagar's Catarrh Remedy say this: "If we can't cure you, we'll pay you \$500 in cash!"

You have noticed that some houses always seem to need repainting; they look dingy, rusted, faded. Others always look bright, clean, fresh. "economies" with "cheap" mixed paints, etc.; the second paints with

Strictly Pure White Lead.

The first spends three times as much for paint in five years, and his buildings never look as well.

Almost everybody knows that good paint can only be had by using strictly pure White Lead. The difficulty is lack of care in selecting it. The following brands are strictly pure White Lead, "Old Dutch" process; they are standard and well known—established by the test of years:

"ANCHOR" (Cincinnati) "KENTUCKY" (Louisville) "ARMSTRONG & McKELVY" (Pittsburgh) "FARNESTOCK" (Pittsburgh) "ATLANTIC" (New York) "LEWIS" (Philadelphia) "BEYMER-BAUMAN" (Pittsburgh) "MORLEY" (Cleveland) "BROOKLYN" (New York) "RED SEAL" (St. Louis) "COLLIER" (St. Louis) "SALER" (Mass.) "CORNBELL" (Buffalo) "SOUTHERN" (St. Louis and Chicago) "DAVIS-CHAMBERS" (Pittsburgh) "ULSTER" (New York) "ECKSTEIN" (Cincinnati) "UNION" (New York) "JEWETT" (New York)

For any color (other than white) tint the Strictly Pure White Lead with National Lead Company's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, and you will have the best paint that it is possible to put on a building.

For sale by the most reliable dealers in paints everywhere. If you want the best paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

NATIONAL LEAD CO., 1 Broadway, New York.

MAGEE RANGES & HEATERS. Were Awarded the GOLD MEDAL and the SPECIAL DIPLOMA at the last three Exhibitions of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association where shown. No other makers of STOVES or FURNACES ever received such CONTINUED ENDORSEMENT.

Careful Preparation of Food. THE MAGEE Boston Heater FURNACE. For heating with warm air only, or in COMBINATION with HOT WATER, IS EVERYWHERE DESERVEDLY POPULAR. We guarantee to give perfect satisfaction in every particular if properly arranged and used.

MAY WE SEND YOU A DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR WITH REFERENCES—LETTERS FROM USERS? MAGEE FURNACE CO., 22, 24, 26 & 28 UNION ST., BOSTON, MASS. 22 WATER ST., NEW YORK; 26 LAKE ST., CHICAGO.

A Solution.

Of any other salt and water in a clean glass compared with a solution of

Worcester Salt. prepared in the same way will be a solution of the salt question for household or dairy use for all time to any one who tries the test.

Nash, Whiton & Co., New York. Boston Office, 101 State St.

Groders Syrup is a POSITIVE CURE FOR NERVOUSNESS AND LOSS OF SLEEP.

The Bullard Hay Tedder.

Having been submitted to the severest test of field work in this country and Europe, is admitted to be the only one yet offered to the public that will thoroughly spread heavy grass, taking it up from the bottom, tossing it gently into the air and leaving it light upon the ground for the free access of sun and air.

Its forks extend outside the wheels, and no hay that has been tumbled in run over and matted down.

The value of a Tedder cannot be understood from a poor and inferior machine.

Constantly improved to keep up with the times, and prices low as first class work can be afforded.

The Richardson Manufacturing Co., WORCESTER, MASS.

Horse Owners! Try GOMBAULT'S Caustic Balsam.

The Safest, Best BLISTER ever used. Takes the place of all other remedies for all kinds of horse ailments. Rescues all Branches or Rheumatism from the hands of the Veterinarian. Cures all kinds of horse ailments. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions. Write to J. H. GOMBAULT, 115 LAURENCE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE MONEY While You Sleep.

STAHLS EXCELSIOR FRUIT DRIER. Prepared by FRUIT DAY and NIGHT. Catalogue and free upon application. Address: WILLIAM STAHLS, EVANSTON, ILL.

WANTED.

A Journeyman Job Printer. Apply at the Maine Farmer Office, AUGUSTA, JUNE 1, 1893.

E. W. Whitehouse, Attorney at Law, Broker and Dealer in Real Estate. 170 Water St., Augusta, Me.

Scents offensive arise from bad tobacco. Sense is to invest your cents in

B-L.

It makes the breath an in-cense.

Aromatic, Ambrosial, Comforting, and costs no more than poor stuff. Remember "B-L." All Dealers.

The Imported Thoroughbred.

Cleveland Bay Stallion, Scampston Electricity.

Sixteen Hands High; Weights 1275 lbs.

PEDIGREE.

SCAMPSTON ELECTRICITY. Thoroughbred Cleveland Bay. Foaled May, 1889. Imported 1890; bred by J. Scarth, Gros-mont, England. Sired by LORD CLEVELAND (227), dam by COUNTY MISS (110); second dam BARBARA (18), etc.

Lord Cleveland (227), by Sportsman (299), by Brilliant (42), by Vinton Lad (604), by Wonder-lad Lad (361), by Cleveland Lad (69), by Governor (185), etc.

County King (110), by Omar Pasha (327), by Omar Pasha (325), by Zamore (45), by Rimphom (402), etc.

Barnaby (18), by King George (101), by King George (159), by Victory (536), etc.

Sportsman (299), by Brilliant (42), etc.

SCAMPSTON ELECTRICITY will stand at the farm of his owner, on Western Avenue, two miles from Augusta.

Terms: \$25.00. No business done on Sunday. Mares taken to and from the cars free of charge.

Address: FRANK P. BECK, 4128 Augusta, Me.

Kennebec County. In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of May, 1893.

FRANK B. SMITH, Executor of the last will and testament of LORRAINE E. PIERCE, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account as Executor of said will for allowance:

ORDERED: That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of June next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. G. T. STEVENS, Judge.

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 30

In Insolvency—Notice of Second Meeting.

STATE OF MAINE—KENNEBEC SS: May 22, 1893. Court of Insolvency, in the case of LORRAINE E. PIERCE, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account as Executor of said will for allowance:

ORDERED: That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of June next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. G. T. STEVENS, Judge.

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 30

Kennebec County. In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of May, 1893.

HESTER H. R. NICKLES, widow of TIMOTHY NICKLES, late of Fayette, in said county, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

